

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXI. No. 2227

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
March 1, 1944



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION  
IN THE  
UNITED KINGDOM

## JAEGER

GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER AGENT  
or write to JAEGER, 204, Regent Street, London, for nearest address

## Finnigans

OF BOND STREET

first for Town and Country Clothes

LONDON · MANCHESTER · CAMBERLEY · TRURO

For  
**INFLUENZA  
& COLDS**  
**Cephos**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
1/3 & 3/-  
IN TABLET OR  
POWDER FORM  
Including  
Purchase Tax  
See-foss REGD  
THE  
PHYSICIANS'  
REMEDY  
is safe and certain

## OTARD'S BRANDY

*Famous since 1795*

## Grant's Scotch Whisky



"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

## HIGHLAND QUEEN



Grand  
Liqueur

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD. - Leith, Edinburgh  
Distilleries - Glenmoray-Glenlivet & Glenmorangie

## Change to THE DOCTOR'S CEYLON TEA

Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd.  
20, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3

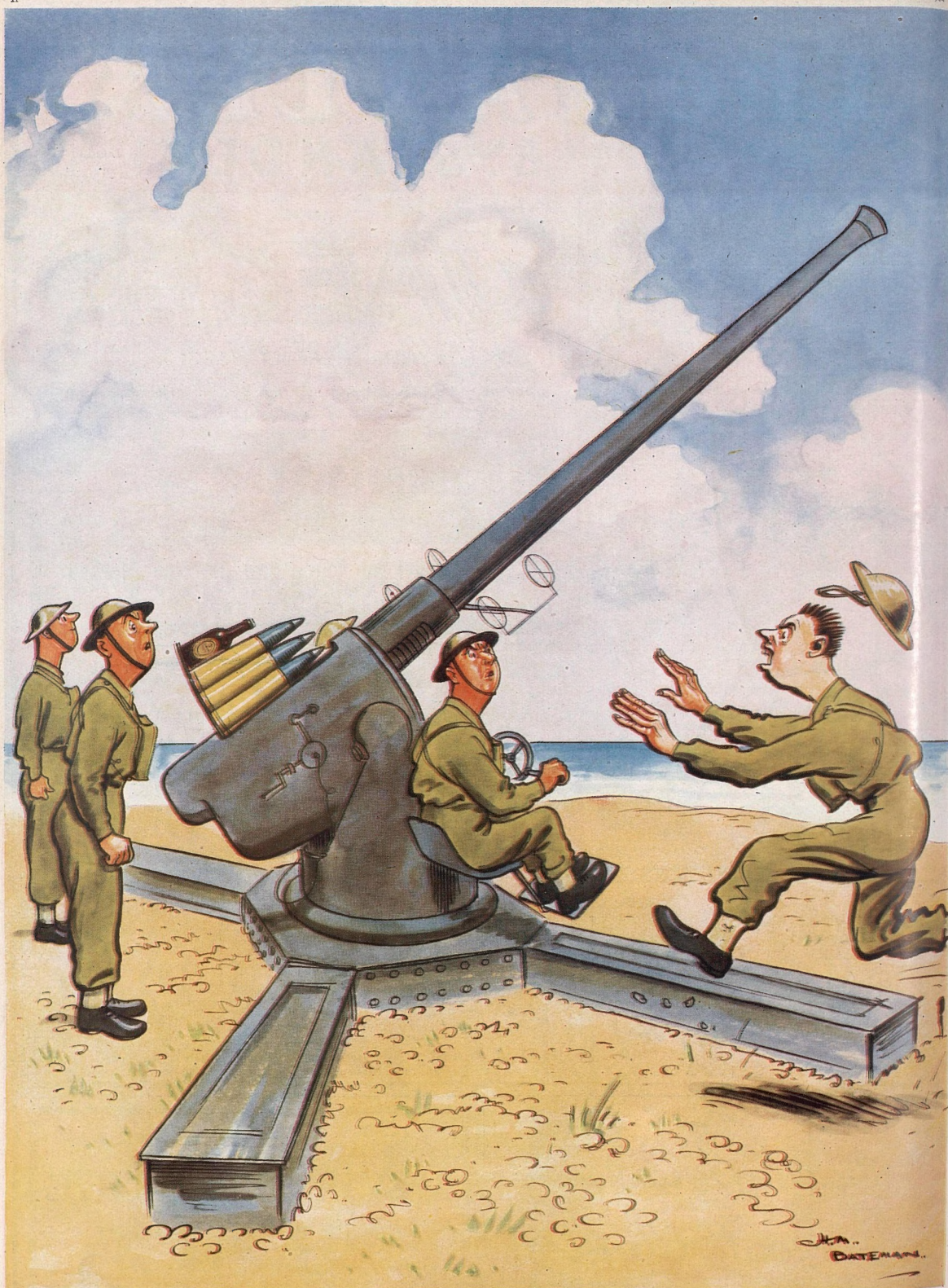
per **3/4 lb**

*Men who know wear  
Drescott Clothes*

## McVITIE & PRICE

*Biscuits of Highest Quality*





*"My Goodness—My Guinness"*



# THE TATLER

LONDON  
MARCH 1, 1944

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXXI. No. 2227



*Dorothy Wilding*

## In Red Cross Uniform: The Duchess of Norfolk

The Duchess of Norfolk, wife of England's Premier Duke and Earl, was formerly the Hon. Lavinia Mary Strutt. She is Lord Belper's only daughter, and was married in 1937. The Duchess, a member of the Red Cross, is County Organizer for Rural Pennies for Sussex, WVS centre organizer and Commandant of the Girls' Training Corps, and also manages to find time for part-time factory work. The Duke of Norfolk has been Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture since 1941. He and his wife have three small daughters who live at their parents' beautiful Sussex home, Arundel Castle





### A Posthumous Award

Mrs. Spendlove, widow of G/Capt. William Spendlove, went to a recent investiture to receive the D.S.O. awarded to her husband, and she took her young son with her



### Her Father's Medals

Mrs. Thorburn received from the King the D.S.O. and O.B.E. won by her husband, the late Lt.-Col. Douglas Thorburn. Her daughter carried the decorations on leaving the Palace



### Naval Hero's Family

Mrs. Linton, with her sons, James and William, went to the investiture to receive her late husband's V.C. and D.S.O. She is the widow of Cdr. John Linton, R.N., of H.M.S. Turbulent



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

### Shadow

**E**VEN before Hitler had struck again at London with his fire bombs, the war for Britons and apparently for the people of the United States as well had assumed a new grimness. Any tendency there had been to forecast the early end of hostilities had been suddenly dissipated. But this change of mood should not be ascribed to pessimism by any of our friends, and certainly not our foes. It is something much greater than that. It is the grimness of determination which has suddenly descended on us. We are now in the shadow of the momentous months which lie ahead. Mortal blows will be rained on the Germans from all quarters.

In return we in this country must anticipate equally determined efforts of retaliation. For Hitler this war is entering the final stretch. In the United States President Roosevelt appears to have welcomed the sudden blast of realism which has caused the people there to doubt whether the war in Europe can end this year. As for Mr. Churchill, he has rightly disowned ever having held the view—for public consumption at least—that the war might end soon or that Hitler's collapse is at hand. He has refused to give a guarantee that 1944 might see the end of the war in Europe.

This was at the very beginning of his latest House of Commons speech. But what did he say at the very end of this speech? Having reviewed the course of military events the clash of the armies and the pressure of international politics Mr. Churchill, with his right hand raised in something like the victory sign he has popularized, said: "Victory may not be so far away, and will certainly not be denied us in the end."

### Rebuff

**M**ARSHAL STALIN has delivered his greatest rebuff to the desperate Nazis in Germany. In his Order of the Day to the Red Army on the eve of the twenty-sixth anniversary, the marshal described how Hitler was sending diplomats from one neutral capital to another in the hope that he might find somebody willing to hear his plea for peace. Marshal Stalin asserted with a finality which should forever preclude the question being raised again that all Hitler's attempts to find a way out this way are doomed to failure. The words of the Russian leader reinforced the statement issued some time ago by the British Government to the effect that they for their part would never make a separate peace with Germany.

### Raids

**T**HE fact that the Germans have resorted to air raids and the use of fire bombs is an interesting development. It follows many months of threats that at some given moment London was to be bombarded, either by rocket guns or some secret aerial device. Mr. Churchill has mentioned the installations on the French coast for this kind of bombardment. Why hasn't Hitler ordered their use? It does not seem possible that if Hitler had anything more effective that he would return to bombing when he is not able to do it on anything like

the scale of the forces of Britain and the United States. Therefore it must be assumed that the installations were overrated by German propaganda, or if they do exist as a real menace they have been severely damaged by Allied attacks.

### Propaganda

**P**ROPAGANDA is still the weapon that Hitler seems to value as much as anything else. The way in which these secret installations were publicized through neutral capitals was designed to increase the anxieties of the British people. But they had suffered Hitler's heaviest air raids before the people of Berlin knew what bombing could do. Now that Hitler has had to resort once more to bombing—so far on a smaller scale than in the early days—he has accompanied his attacks with the usual threats of more serious reprisals. At the same time he has exaggerated out of all proportion the weight and the power of the German attacks on London.

In all this we see Hitler's own hand. Propaganda is a military and political weapon which he believes might yet save him. The new raids on London are obviously designed to see what chances there are of forcing a political peace. If this were not so, Hitler would use his air weapon against our war factories and other military targets. But he knows that it is now too late to correct his early mistake in this war. British production should not now be affected by bombardments as can Germany's. If Hitler had bombed our factories in the early days, the tale of this war might have been different. His omission to do this was one of his classic blunders. So he returns to his policy of terror tactics in the hope that in this way he might break through the ring of steel which slowly and inexorably tightens round Germany.

### Warning

**H**ITLER can get no comfort from the fact that the strength of the United States Air Force in this country is almost equal to that of Great Britain's and will soon have exceeded it. This is a warning that war production in the United States is now in its full stride. Man-power and machine-power are both on the side of the Allies.

### Secondary

**T**HE Prime Minister has described the German efforts to resist the Allied occupation of the Anzio bridgehead as a secondary front which has been forced on Hitler. This operation thus described may turn out to be more than a play on words; it may become a real second front. The fact that Hitler has found it necessary to gather eighteen of his best divisions in front of Rome is an indication of German anxiety. As the battle increases in intensity with the full use of Allied air power, the Germans are likely to be compelled to throw more and more divisions into this secondary front. As Mr. Churchill has pointed out, the Allies can afford to regard the Italian operation as something distinct from other prepared plans for the invasion of the Continent and they can feed the requirements of the



the midget submarine attack on the German battleship Tirpitz. The Victoria Cross has been awarded to two of those who joined in this most hazardous exploit. In the official citation Lieut. B. C. G. Place is said to have had "utter contempt for danger" and Lieut. Donald Cameron, who has also received the supreme award, is said to have "braved every hazard." Both are men in the early twenties and they are representative of the spirit which has dominated this country from the moment when the war started and grew stronger when France collapsed and Britain fought on alone, and has not diminished.

#### Imperturbable

COMMENT of Mr. Winston Churchill as he surveyed the damage caused by Hitler's latest fire bomb raid: "It's quite like old times."

W. Dennis Moss

#### Queen Mary Visits a R.A.F. Station Headquarters

Sitting: W/Cdr. H. S. Martin, W/Cdr. H. W. Raeburn, A.F.C., Matron E. Spensley, A.R.R.C., G/Capt. J. A. Elliott, H.M. Queen Mary, W/Cdr. A. J. Brister, O.B.E., Mrs. J. Elliott, W/Cdr. E. G. Bunce-Phillips, W/Cdr. F. J. Watts. Standing: F/Lieut. M. G. Radcliffe, F/O. M. I. Woodhead, W/Cdr. S. B. S. Smith, W/Cdr. J. Walker, S/Ldr. F. T. Parker, M.B.E., S/Ldr. G. L. Danielson, F/O. A. J. W. Foster, S/Ldr. P. C. M. Dudeney

Allied forces in Italy from troops who are waiting in North Africa to go into action.

#### Caution

IT is wise that our experts constantly draw our attention to the size of the German army and to the fact that it is withdrawing from inside Russia in comparatively good order. The German army may yet be numerically strong and still a well-organized force holding strong defensive positions on the Continent. But the Allies have control of the seas, superiority in the air, and once land forces are engaged at a variety of points they will have qualitative it not quantitative superiority in men and machines of war. All these are facts which must be taken into account as the weeks go by and the pressure on Germany increases. These are facts which need not allow of any pessimism. Marshal Stalin asserts that Germany is on the road to catastrophe, and he has not made any foolish forecasts in this war.

#### Record

WE cannot know what prompted the Prime Minister to describe in detail the part Great Britain has herself played in the war up to this time, but I for one feel that it was right that he should make the record. The Navy has performed marvels in the last four years. But this is expected of the Navy. As for the Air Force, we learned for the first time of the total losses of pilots, 38,300 killed, including air crews, and 10,400 missing. Against this we have to reckon the stupendous total of 900,000 sorties made in the North European theatre since the war started. But Mr. Churchill has gone out of his way to pay a well-deserved tribute to the British Army, which he said had fought in all parts of the world and has undoubtedly contributed to the successful progress of the war.

#### Bravery

ONE of the most remarkable features, about which we do not know all as yet, is that of



#### Officers of H.M.S. Bellona

The people of Fifeshire have adopted the new cruiser H.M.S. Bellona, a ship of the Dido class. After the ceremony of adoption had taken place Cdr. A. R. Murray-Smith, R.N., and Capt. C. F. Norris, R.N., who commands the ship, were photographed together



#### Middle East C.-in-C. Visits A.A. Men

Gen. Sir Bernard Paget (centre), accompanied by Gen. Holmes, inspected A.A. gun sites near the airport before leaving for a tour of Palestine and the Lebanon. Gen. Paget was appointed C.-in-C. Middle East under Gen. Eisenhower in December



#### The Governor of Cyprus in Tripoli

Sir Charles Woolley, Governor of Cyprus since 1941, recently paid a visit to Tripoli, Lebanon, and to Beirut. He is seen inspecting a guard of honour which was formed by Cypriot troops, men of the 622 Pack Mule Company



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Great Film

By James Agate

THIS week your film-critic proposes to divagate—a thing he rarely permits himself. You have doubtless noted, dear reader of *The Tatler*, how among all the film critics your James is the one who sticks closest to the business in hand. Have you not seen him pursue the plot of each and every film into the last of its inane and cretinous ramifications? What other critic will describe with such meticulous particularity the happenings in *Hellzapoppin* or the outlay of a drama enacted by Olsen and Johnson? Your critic takes no credit for this; the fact that a film is bad means that it bristles with critical opportunity. Whereas about the perfect film there is little to be said except that it is perfect. Take, for example, the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, *Madame Curie* (Empire). This relates how one Marie Sklodovska, a Polish girl-scientist, meets Pierre Curie, how, through a key getting itself photographed in a dark and closed drawer, she hits upon the notion of a new element. How she labours month after month and year after year to turn the notion into a certainty. How, on the eve of the announcement of the world-discovery, Curie is killed. And how Madame Curie carries on the double work. What is there to say about this? Nothing, except that it makes a perfect film. Therefore your critic divagates.

SOME time ago I cut the following out of my daily paper:—

A young Indian seaman refused to be cross-examined by a woman barrister at Liverpool Assizes yesterday. "Mind your own business, I good boy. I no talk to girls," he said. The barrister tried again, but the Indian would not answer her questions, persisting that he "did not talk to girls." "You are a good boy," said Mr. Justice Singleton, "but this lady is a good girl. You must answer her questions." "Oh! she good girl," said the Indian. "Very well, I answer questions."

I think the Indian was right the first time. The woman barrister looks and is ridiculous, and has been so since Portia. Neither should the sex sit on juries; no woman will believe that a witness wearing the wrong clothes can be giving the right evidence. In the arts feminine activity should be strictly circumscribed. Novel-writing, yes; play-writing, no. Acting, singing, dancing, yes; painting, no. Conductor on a bus, yes; on a concert platform, no. As for composing, the idea is as ludicrous as to suppose women capable of writing epic poetry. As executants, a little harp-playing, the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, and the easier piano concertos of Mozart. I approve of women as nurses, governesses, cooks, laundresses, contortionists, typists. I disapprove of them as doctors, dentists, lawyers, engine-drivers, boatswains, and, of course, wine-butlers. I dined recently at a famous club where the male servants had gone to the war and were replaced by females. Our host, at the end of a very good meal, offered us as a great

treat a bottle of the club's very best Port. The waitress brought this in with as much reverence as she would have given to a bottle of ginger beer. "Why don't you give it a good shaking?" asked my host ironically. "I've already done that, sir," said the waitress. No, there are some things about which women know nothing.

AND no woman should be a scientist. Because science demands two things: first, mind, and second, exact mind. And then there is that little matter of sex. Not for nothing did Goethe write that last line of *Faust*—the line about Das Ewig-Weibliche. Goethe's point was that the Eternal Feminine lifts Man up; what he failed to see was that it is exactly this quality which drags Woman down. I remember a scene in a play by Lord Dunsany, in which the Queen of the Amazons falls in love with her enemy Alexander, to whom she makes the following proposal: "Come up against me, my lord, with horses, for my women cannot stand up against horses. You will defeat my army and I shall be your prisoner." The queen was a true woman,



Time marches on. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the discovery of radium Marie Curie, widowed and growing old, is honoured in Paris by a great gathering of all the leading scientists. Pierre has been killed in an accident. She tells the scientists that they, too, can "catch a star on their finger tips"

since in comparison with her enjoyment of Alexander the betrayal of the army which trusted her was less than nothing.

I BELIEVE there are great explorers who will persist with their expedition in spite of the knowledge that the moment their back is turned their wives will be getting some smirking cavalier to escort them to Brighton. But the lady-explorer is not yet born who could continue on her expedition knowing that she was leaving a husband in the clutches of "that woman." I can believe in some heroic female who has been well and truly bitten by the scientific bug continuing to battle against discouragement and the loss of her partner. But let that partner take another to his bosom, and the only discovery your female will be interested in is the discovery of something which smarts more than vitriol. No, I do not believe in women scientists any more than I believe in a woman Astronomer-

Royal. The she-astronomer does not exist who, even if Saturn and Neptune were in collision, would not take her eye from the telescope if her best friend came in wearing a new hat.

*Madame Curie* is an exception to the foregoing. She was a heroine of the Charles Morgan Do-You-Realize-My-Love-That-The-Angles - At - The - Base - Of - An - Isosceles - Triangle-Are-Equal type. She was everything all women abhor and most men dislike. She had none of that feminine vacillation which alternately delights and infuriates. She was logical. She was single-minded. And she makes a grand film.

I AM inclined to think that the time has come to recognize Greer Garson as the next best film actress to Bette Davis. Always excepting eight-or-nine-year-old Margaret O'Brien, who is as good as the two of them together! And while we are about it, why not recognize Walter Pidgeon as our leading film actor? At least I know nobody who can do nothing with such prodigious effect. He must be Mr. Ivor Brown's pattern and model for a great actor. But the cast is stiff with celebrities—Henry Travers, Albert Bassermann, Aubrey Smith, May Whitty. The film runs two hours and four minutes, and is not a second too long. It is in places deeply moving, and there are two moments, first when radium is guessed at and second when it begins to glow, which

are exciting enough to lift one out of one's seat.

THERE is not a false note anywhere, and, indeed, the film is perfect except for one tiny but important detail. Madame Curie has complained of the burning of the tips of her fingers. "We must give up our experiments," says her husband. "Has not the doctor warned you that there is a danger of cancer?" Madame utters whatever is the French for Pooh! Whereupon her husband offers her every inducement he can think of, a useful life in another sphere, lots of children, weekends in the country . . . but Madame snaps her poor burnt fingers at all this. She must go on with her work at whatever risk. "What is wrong here?" asks the reader. Simply that the lady was not put to the final test—the test which no woman has ever been known to resist. Curie should have offered his wife whatever in the 'nineties was the equivalent of a coat of silverblu mink.





Dr. Becquerel (Reginald Owen) shows to Marie (Greer Garson) and Pierre (Walter Pidgeon) the strange phenomenon which becomes the key to the discovery of radium

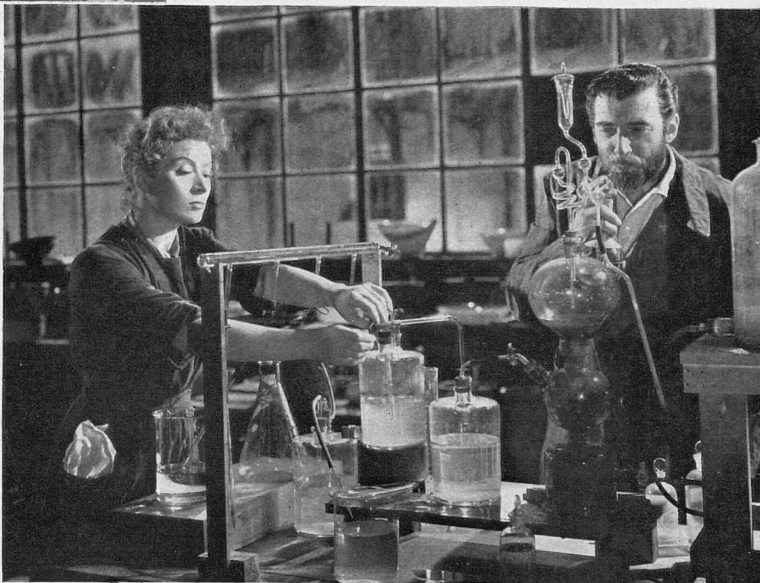
## "Madame Curie": the Romance of Radium

M-G-M's "Mrs. Miniver" team make a magnificent film of the story of a great scientific discovery

● Based on Eve Curie's best-selling biography of her mother, *Madame Curie* is a distinguished picture which may well bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer the Oscar Award for 1944, just as *Mrs. Miniver* did for 1942. The same stars (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Dame May Whitty, Henry Travers) and the same producer (Sidney Franklin) have made both films. *Madame Curie* recreates the facts of a great scientific discovery with accuracy and clarity; redraws the character of a great and human woman with dignity and restraint; and makes a serene and dignified love story out of an intellectual companionship. The film opened at the Empire on February 25 with a gala premiere in aid of the Marie Curie Hospital



Marie Sklodowska, Polish student, and Pierre Curie, woman-sky scientist, work together on their elusive quest



In a cold, leaky shed, provided by the University of Paris, the work goes on, laboriously and disappointingly, day and night, for nearly four years. Marie is near collapse



Pierre's parents (Dame May Whitty and Henry Travers) see him off on his bicycle honeymoon (1895). He has taken Marie to his country home, proposed in the middle of the night and been accepted



Lord Kelvin, the famous British scientist (C. Aubrey Smith), on a visit to Paris just before the final successful experiment, calls upon Marie and Pierre Curie to wish them luck



# The Theatre

## Hamlet at the New Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

THE news that Robert Helpmann, who had already danced Hamlet, intended also to act him, fluttered the doves considerably. Would he? Could he? True he had already acted one Shakespearian role (Oberon at the Old Vic), and his spoken excerpt from *Comos*, in the delightful ballet he had recently based on Milton's young masterpiece, vindicated his elocution. But Hamlet! Pundits looked wise and prophets hedged. But all looked forward to the event.

Let it be said at once, then, that he did not fail. Considered merely on its practical merits, it was a feat for a dancer to make what was virtually his debut as an actor in so illustrious a role, and get through without disaster. Mr. Helpmann did more than that, so much more, that one would like to say his achievement matched his courage. But that would be

flattery. His performance has other virtues than perfection. It is individual, accomplished, and well sustained. And it does not invite (how should it?) comparison with Forbes Robertson.

It has youth, but is not conspicuously tender. With this sweet prince self-pity is not a foible. One would have said, on the evidence of Mr. Helpmann's dancing, that he is primarily a comedian. Anyhow, in essaying Hamlet, he realizes the traditional ambition of all true clowns.

His equipment is, in the best sense, theatrical. He is a superb mime, and has a flair for the grotesque. Satire, one suspects, enters freely, if dispassionately, into his artistic attack. His theatre sense is acute, possibly ruthless, and he is obviously ambitious. Attack, rather than defence, would seem to be the mainspring of his professional strategy.

(the soliloquies, for instance) were admirably covered.

He seemed happiest when in lively action. At times he appeared to chafe against the text's restraint, and to vent that impatience on Hamlet's nearest and dearest, as well as on such minor intruders into his privacy as the egregious Osric, whom he mocks as if both were quartered in a fourth-form dormitory.

In the famous "Mouse Trap" scene, he breaks through Hamlet's tortured concern with that third-degree test of the Ghost's validity and the King's guilt like an exultant boy at a cup tie victory. This turns the ground swell of tragedy into a choppy sea, and Hamlet's emotional tension into dubious histrionics. But there is never any faltering in the energy of Mr. Helpmann's performance, which is game to the end. His fencing with Laertes, which precipitates the holocaust with its poisoned foils, potions, and dynastic fatalities, is first-rate, and this is one of the most exciting and successful scenes in Mr. Guthrie's challenging production.

Any one seeing the play for the first time—and there must be many such today—should find this production memorable. It tells the story clearly, and has several good individual performances. Mr. Basil Sydney plays the King admirably, Mr. Lawrence Hanray's Polonius is sound, Mr. Geoffrey Toones an excellent Laertes. Miss Pamela Brown's Ophelia does not come into her own until the mad scene, and then she assumes remarkable



Hamlet (Robert Helpmann) clutches the guilty king's sword, while in the background the vague outlines of the ghost of Hamlet's murdered father can be dimly deciphered



Abrupt ending to "The Mouse Trap," staged by the Players and Hamlet to catch guilty consciences. Left to right: Polonius (Lawrence Hanray); Gertrude (Margot Grahame) and Claudius (Basil Sydney) in flight; Ophelia (Pamela Brown) and Hamlet (Robert Helpmann)

Hamlet makes subtle rather than imperative calls on these personal assets; and one felt that, in a sense, Mr. Helpmann was handicapped, rather as a boxer might be who enters the ring and spars with one hand out of action. Not that he keeps it inactive. Poor Ophelia gets some stinging taps from both hands, and the Queen is engaged by her reproachful son in what is all but an all-in wrestle.

Other items in this ingenious artist's equipment include a clear, if light, speaking voice, sense and sensibility, possibly pride and prejudice, and certainly persuasion. And such passages in the play as favoured these gifts

power and conviction. This Ophelia is mad indeed, but well within the meaning of the act.

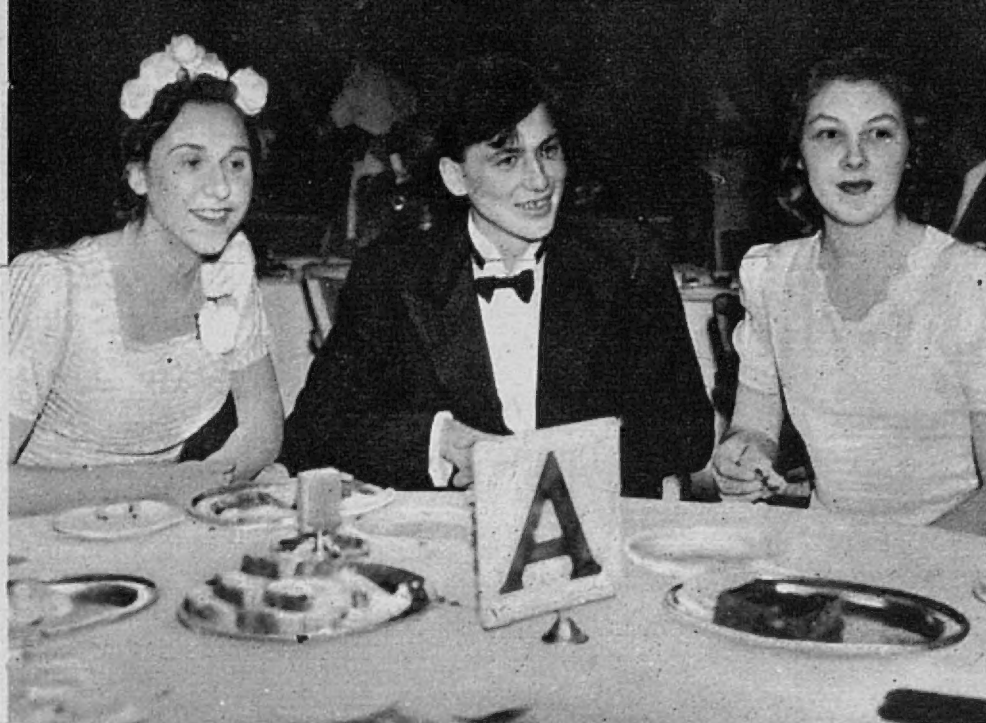
The stage pictures designed by Mr. Hurry are prodigies of chiaroscuro, worthy, one feels, of Dante's *Inferno* or an air raid warden's dream. At moments, when the shifting lights and shades combine decorative effect with expedience, and the gloomy battlements give place to the resplendent audience chamber, and the glittering courtiers enter by ways just vacated by the Ghost, the effect is striking and good. All things considered, this is emphatically a production to be seen, both for its own and its controversial merits.

Sketches by  
Tom Titt





Lady Evans, wife of Sir Walter Evans, Bt., seen here with her younger daughter, Gillian, entertained a party at the Ball



At this table Mr. Christopher Emmet had Miss Felicity Elwes on one side and Princess Tamara Imeritinsky on the other



Miss Vicky Masson Chetwynd, daughter of Lady Chetwynd, was looking cheerful with Lt. Ray Englert, of the U.S. Army

## Queen Charlotte's Hospital Ball

Held at Grosvenor House for  
a Service Charity



Sir Edward Boyle was looking after his eighteen-year-old daughter, Ann. He has two sons as well



At Mrs. Gueterbock's table were Lt. John Hampden Inskip and his sister, Marta, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Ann Howel-Davies (daughters of the hostess) and Lt. G. Lamb



Two of the dancers on the crowded floor were Lord Fairfax and Miss Sarah Birkin



Capt. Tony Pawson and Miss Virginia Dolbey were amused by the photographer while sitting out between dances

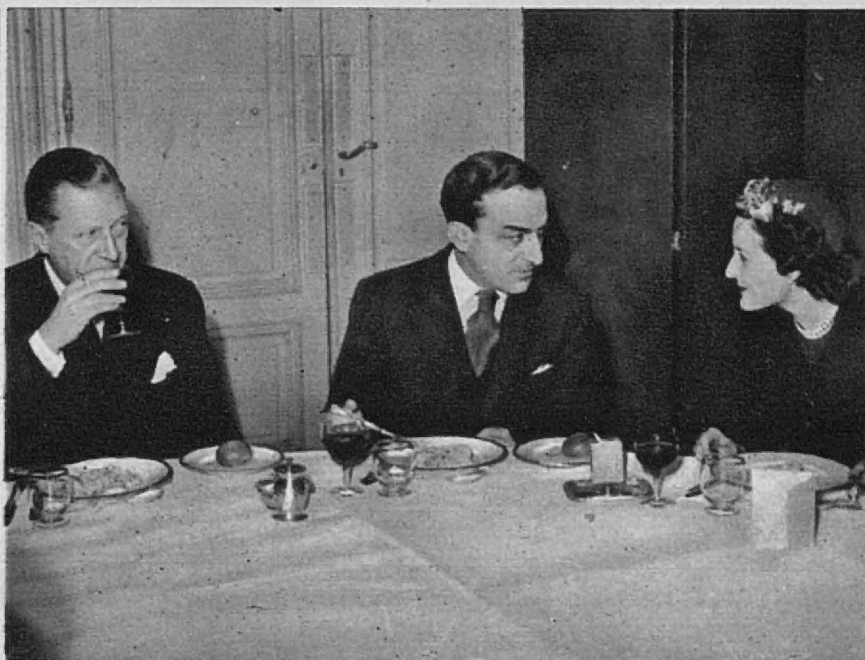


Lady Elizabeth Fortescue and the Hon. Isabel Monckton-Arundell were in the same party. They are both eighteen



Mr. David Mostyn Owen, in battle-dress, sat next to Miss Diana Brooke-Popham, daughter of Air Chief-Marshal Brooke-Popham





### Senhor Pascal Carlos Magno Gives a Luncheon for Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell

Distinguished guests were Ilona Kabus, the pianist; Michael Sadleir, author and publisher; Harriet Cohen, pianist; and Sir Frederick Ogilvie, of the British Council

The host, Senhor Pascal Carlos Magno, sat between Sir Osbert Sitwell and Lady O'Neill. He is Second Secretary at the Brazilian Embassy, and recently published a novel in English, "Sun Over the Palms"

Above are Lord Rothermere, Dona Isabel Moniz de Aragao, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, and the guest of honour, Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, famous poet and author



### Red Cross Worker in India

The Maharaj-Kumar-Rani Karamjit Singh of Kapurthala, by her knitting party and sales of needlework, has collected over 3500 rupees for the Red Cross, some 5850 rupees for the W.V.S., and over £1000 for other war funds

## On and Off Duty

### A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

#### Palace Tea-Party

JUST over 250 guests, drawn from the Government, the Corps Diplomatique, the Allied Governments in London, members of both Houses of Parliament and—an innovation at a party of this kind—from editors of London newspapers as well, were invited to the first afternoon party of the year at Buckingham Palace. Tea, sandwiches and cakes, with orangeade, were served at long tables stretching across the Grand Hall, and the King and Queen, after every guest had been presented formally by Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, walked among their friends chatting informally with most of them. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were all helping to entertain the guests.

This party was the first of a series which the King and Queen have planned for the coming months as the best form of entertainment that can be given just now.

#### People There

MRS. CHURCHILL was with her daughter, Mary (not in uniform this time); the Chancellor of the Exchequer escorted his attractive blonde wife and chatted for a time with the Secretary for War and Lady Grigg; Lord and Lady Kemsley talked with Her Majesty; the two Princesses chatted with the wife of the Brazilian Ambassador; Viscountess Cranborne, accompanied by her husband, engaged in solemn and interesting conversation with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and everyone seemed to want to have a word with Cdr. Agar, of the U.S. Navy. I saw the King talking to Sir Andrew Cunningham, and walking in the Bow Room I noticed Sir Alexander and Lady Theo Cadogan, the Countess of Bessborough (wearing Red Cross uniform) and the High Commissioner for India, who was wearing the most lovely pale-blue turban.

#### Football Fan?

EIGHTY THOUSAND football enthusiasts gave a special cheer of greeting to Princess Elizabeth when H.R.H. appeared in the Royal Box with the King and Queen at the International Association match between England and Scotland. It was her first appearance at a big sporting event, and the "fans" at Wembley, both English and Scots, were quick to seize on the significance of the visit. Judging from the eager way the Princess followed every move on the field, and the running stream of comments she kept up with Gen. Montgomery, who, complete with his famous beret, sat beside her, taking a few hours off from invasion planning and Second Front organisation, she must have been well coached in appreciation of the points of the game before she came, a task for which both her parents are excellently well-equipped, for both the King and Queen, in their days as Duke and Duchess of York, were keen followers of football, both Association and Rugby. Sport followers who hope that this will be but the forerunner of many more appearances by the Princess at big matches and other events will, I have good reason to think, find their hopes come true as the year unfolds.

#### "The France I Knew"

THERE was a terribly nostalgic feeling in the hearts of everyone who attended the colour-film *The France I Knew*, which Miss Rosie Newman showed in the Orchid Room of the Dorchester to help the funds of the families of



### Dinner Party in a London Restaurant

Swache

The Marchioness of Cambridge and her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge, were dining one night at the Bagatelle with Major E. A. Royce and F/Lt. B. Risdon. Lady Mary, who is Lord and Lady Cambridge's only child, is doing full-time V.A.D. work at Poplar





Swabe

### A Greek Christening-Party in London

The baby son of Mr. Philip P. Argenti, Honorary Attaché to the Greek Embassy, and Mrs. Argenti, was christened in London recently. Above are Mr. and Mrs. Argenti (centre) with their son, and the godparents: Mr. Thomas Ypsilanti, Mrs. George Calvocoressi, the Greek Ambassador (proxy for the Crown Prince of Greece), Viscount Cranborne, Sir Archibald Sinclair, Lady Winifred Gore and Mrs. George Brudnell



Clapperton, Selkirk

### Scottish Christening

Mrs. Scott, of Hillview, Melrose, wife of Lt. Michael Hepburn Scott, 16/5 Lancers, is seen with her two sons, David and Walter Francis, after the latter's christening at Melrose Church

Fighting French Airmen. It was quite painful to have one's memories revived of Le Touquet, Cannes and Paris as they used to be. The second part of this admirable colour-film showed France during 1940, and was equally poignant, though in a different way, showing as it does France and her soldiers in war days. Sir John Addison, who spent many years in France, opened the proceedings, and was followed by Miss Newman, who was commendably brief in her introductory remarks, which explained the complicated arrangements necessary to enable her to use her little ciné camera. The room was crowded, and among those I saw were Lady Zia Wernher with her sister, Lady Milford Haven, and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten (Lady Zia and Lady Milford Haven used to spend many months in their young days with their parents at the Villa Kazbec at Cannes), the Hon. Mrs. Henry Brougham (the great Lord Brougham's name will always be associated with Cannes), Florence Lady Trent (whose Villa Springfield was well known to Cannes visitors) and the Hon. Lady Norman (whose Chateau de la Garoupe was famous for its gardens), all feeling very sad at seeing on the film these reminders of happier days. Sir George Clerk, one time our Ambassador in Paris, Lady Wolverton, Lady Kitty Lambton (who came with Lady Cranborne), Lady Anne Bridges, Madame Delysia and the Hon. George Pell were also present.

daughter, Patricia, had chosen pink lace; another Patricia in the party was Admiral and Mrs. Bailey's daughter; the Hon. Cecilia Monckton-Arundell was there; so were Miss Anne Winn and Miss Rachel Headley. Lady Boyle looked very elegant in plain black with long sleeves; Lord and Lady Edward Hay had a table for Lady Edward's young daughter, Miss Sarah Birkin, a pretty blonde now taller than her mother; and Lady Lorne Howard and Lady Dorothy Macmillan joined the table, each with a daughter. One of this year's outstanding debutantes is Mrs. Valentine Fleming's adopted daughter, Amaryliss, whose tawny hair was decked with camellias; Lady Grimthorpe was there; Madame Adila Fachiri came with Mrs. Fleming and brought her daughter, Adrienne, who is a brunette like her famous violinist mother; and there were masses of young men, including young Lord Fairfax, the Hon. Rupert Strutt, and a crowd of American officers, who stayed to the end, when "John Peel" brought down the curtain on a very happy evening.

### Wedding at the Oratory

YOUNG LORD LYELL looked very smart in his kilt and white shirt, and took his duties as train-bearer very seriously during the long

(Concluded on page 280)



### Tea-Time Conversation

Mr. Gordon Harker and Lady Tedder, wife of the Deputy Supreme C.-in-C., were discussing a special performance of "Acacia Avenue" to be held in aid of the R.A.F. Malcolm Clubs

### Queen Charlotte's Ball (Part I)

PART I of this year's Queen Charlotte's Ball for debutantes—which has been humorously called the "Telephone Directory" Ball, because it is being held in two sections—turned out a great success. It took place in the ordinary ballroom at Grosvenor House, which proved a more friendly and intimate atmosphere than the huge room more usually used, which used to be a skating-rink and is now taken over by United States forces in this country. Once again the biggest table of all was the one with more than fifty guests, at which Lady Hamond-Graeme presided, and which was laden with food brought by her and her friends. Lady Hamond-Graeme was wearing a high-backed frock with long sleeves of cobwebby dark-blue and silver lace, but most of the young girls had chosen full evening dress for the occasion, many of them, of course, in white. Lady Irene Haig was outstanding in her buttoned-up dress of pink-and-white candy stripe, decked with blue bows; so were the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham Quin's daughters, Ursula and Mollic; Lady Doris Gunston brought her attractive debutante girl, Sonia; and Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Elwes's girl, Felicity, was there, as well as many of Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme's particular friends, among them Marie Lady Willingdon.

### Hostesses and Guests

SIR EDWARD and Lady Boyle had a party for their debutante daughter, Ann, who was wearing white; Lady Evelyn Beauchamp's



### Two Weddings at St. George's, Hanover Square

Capt. Sir Antony Bonham, The Royal Scots Greys, of Crudewell, Malmesbury, and Miss Felicity Pardoe, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. F. L. Pardoe, of Bartonbury, Cirencester, were married on February 19th



Capt. Peter Cookson, 10th Royal Hussars, son of the late Col. P. B. Cookson, of Meldon Park, Northumberland, and Mrs. Cookson, married Miss Joan Boscawen, daughter of the late Mr. T. E. Boscawen and Mrs. Boscawen





Robert Helpmann as Hamlet

The dancer's Hamlet is a miniature of subtle strokes rather than an oil painting of heroic size. But it is intensely interesting, and should not be missed. Helpmann was severely handicapped in the early stages by 'flu and a bad throat



Hamlet: "I have heard of your paintings well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another."

Hamlet in his first frenzies heaps deliberate insults on his bewildered lover



Ophelia: "Good-night, sweet lady"

Ophelia (Pamela Brown) in the mad scene, with Horatio (Dennis Price), Claudius (Basil Sydney) and Gertrude (Margot Grahame). From Ophelia sane to Ophelia mad there is a dramatic change of mood and tempo

● Produced by Tyrone Guthrie and Michael Benthall, with decor by Leslie Hurry and incidental music by Constant Lambert, the Old Vic production of *Hamlet* at the New Theatre is a notable event. Robert Helpmann's ballet fans can weigh the dancer's Hamlet against the actor's; highbrows can follow suit, harking back to Forbes Robertson, Barrymore and Gielgud: lowbrows, even if overawed by the decor, can grasp the threads of the story firmly and clearly amidst the encircling gloom of Elsinore. The production is full of new thoughts and touches, and the acting reaches a high level. Helpmann scores a palpable hit



Polonius: "That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase"

The King (Basil Sydney) and the Queen (Margot Grahame) play chess while the garrulous Polonius (Lawrence Hanray) reads aloud Hamlet's letter to Ophelia





*Player King: "Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune!"*  
Hamlet (seated) puts the players through their paces. As their leader (Charles Deane) declaims, Polonius (Lawrence Hanray) speaks an uneasy aside. This shot gives a good idea of the scenery and lighting. The balustrade (left) serves as battlements for the ghost-watchers, and, below, as chapel for the guilty King's prayers. The massive pillar near the Player King is a landmark; to its right is an "alcove" for the grave-digging and a site for the Queen's bedchamber. Against the distant background of massive pillars the actors move from left to right up a sloping platform and emerge down the stairs near the central pillar. The whole set is full of dark mystery and foreboding

Photographs by Edward Mandinian



*Hamlet: "O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a King of infinite space"*  
Hamlet's unbalanced mind and biting satire puzzle and disturb his well-meaning but ineffective friends, Rosencrantz (Frederic Horrey) and Guildenstern (David Carr)



*Hamlet: "How now! a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!"*  
Hamlet, pouring out his heart to his mother, realises that Polonius is eavesdropping behind the arras and runs him through with his sword



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**C**LUBMEN—the chaps who lounge in Pall Mall and St. James's Street windows tearing women's reputations to shreds amid cynical epigrams—are asking when General Dwight D. Eisenhower is to take his first formal siesta *coram paribus* at the Athenæum, to which superior bowing-ken he has just been elected under Rule II.

The Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Forces may justly be feeling a bit nervous, like Kipling, who took some time to get over what he called that Anglican-cathedral-between-services atmosphere, though he had good times with the boys in due course. Probably the General already knows the dining-room of the Yale Club, New York. Those vast oppressive open spaces, a Yale man assured us, were planned by the pious founders for an ethical and disciplinary purpose, and it's our feeling that the Athenæum likewise was designed to put frivolous bishops and flighty scientists in their place (if they have one, as Lady Oxford once remarked about a disrespectful girl wit). The well-known Athenæum jingle:

A chap who becomes a suffragan  
Is never the same gay buffragan

shows that the old joie-de-vivre cannot be totally annihilated, however.

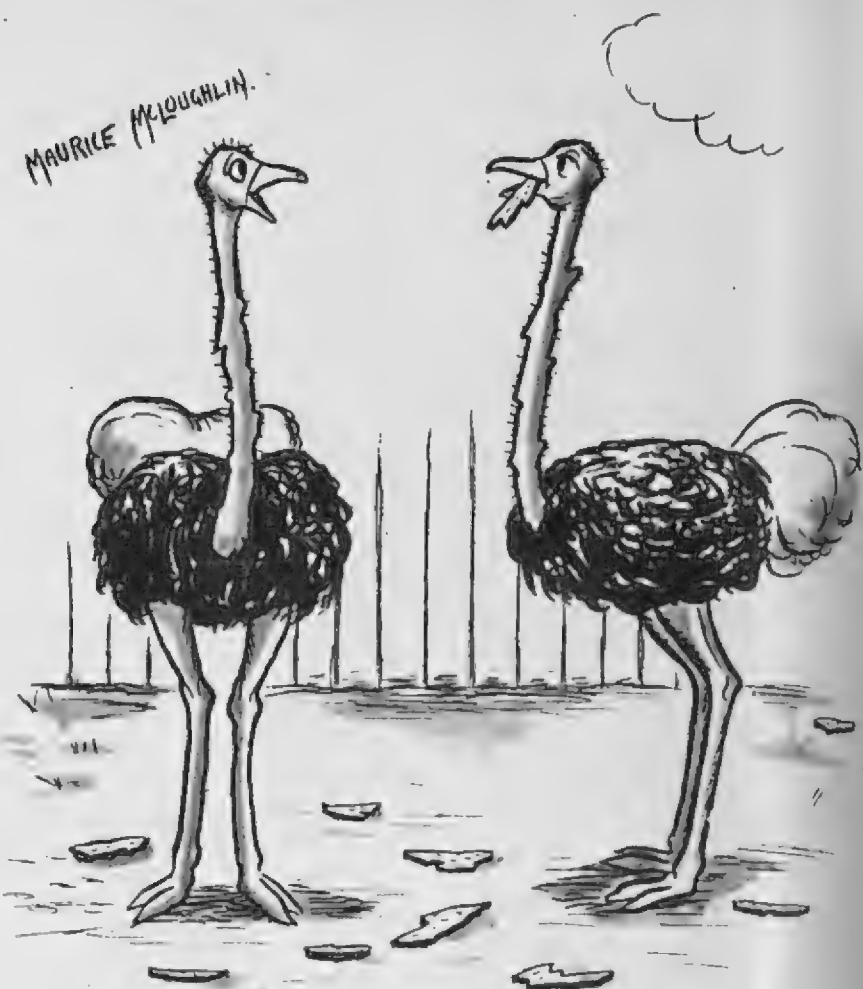
## Furthermore

**Y**ou never find the Athenæum boys lounging and sneering in the windows like other clubmen, we may add, and the

neatest ankle can pass down Pall Mall without evoking licentious comment. Some of the literary boys may look like "Old Q." ogling from his Piccadilly balcony, and some—especially on the science side—may actually share Old Q.'s odious temperament, but with them all it is a matter of what the Spaniards call the *punto de honor*, and the Nubians who guard the Ladies' Annexe never have any serious trouble. Flowers are left outside the gilt grille, but never jewels. In fact members' attitude towards women, as laid down by the Committee, a chap tells us, is chivalry mitigated by economy, in the Byronic manner. You know the verse about Byron:

When the Countess Guiccioli  
Spoke of diamonds, rather drolly,  
Ordering his gondola,  
Byron ceased to fondola.

Incidentally, all those stories spread by degraded columnists about orgiastic scenes in the Long Bar and eminent whiskery ones drinking out of actresses' shoes and crying "Veev Lamoor!" are pure, or rather impure, fantasy. No columnist would ever get into the Athenæum, to begin with.



"—about the best barrage we've had so far"

## Gesture

**A** CITIZEN who recently bit a lady's hand in a pub in a moment of ardour or vivacity was rather severely handled by the magistrate, we observed. Without doubt he was a Gabriele d'Annunzio character, drunk not with beer but love, and should have instructed a solicitor accordingly.

When a d'Annunzio character falls in love he staggers to and fro and his eyes bubble and his ears flap and he breaks out in red spots and leaps shrieking into an aeroplane and loops the loop seventy-eight times and crash-lands by a miracle and bites great maddened chunks out the turf and tears at the beloved and bites her neck or arm and drinks her blood voluptuously and dives into and across the nearest river and rushes up and down the nearest Apennine peaks and flings himself into a racing-car and drives 500 miles at 150 miles an hour slam-bang into a stone wall and jumps out in a raving frenzy and chews the stones to powder and rushes back and covers her with flowers and gnaws her fingers and shouts "I love you! I love you!" She then knows that his feelings towards her are less platonic than Donna Antonia said. Only the late d'Annunzio seemed to meet people as interesting as this. Elinor Glyn is a New England deaconess in comparison.

Whether cricket would do such emotional types any good we can't say. It's not unlikely. We heard recently of a County cricketer whose honeymoon turned out to be so cold that they found Sonja Henie skating all over it.

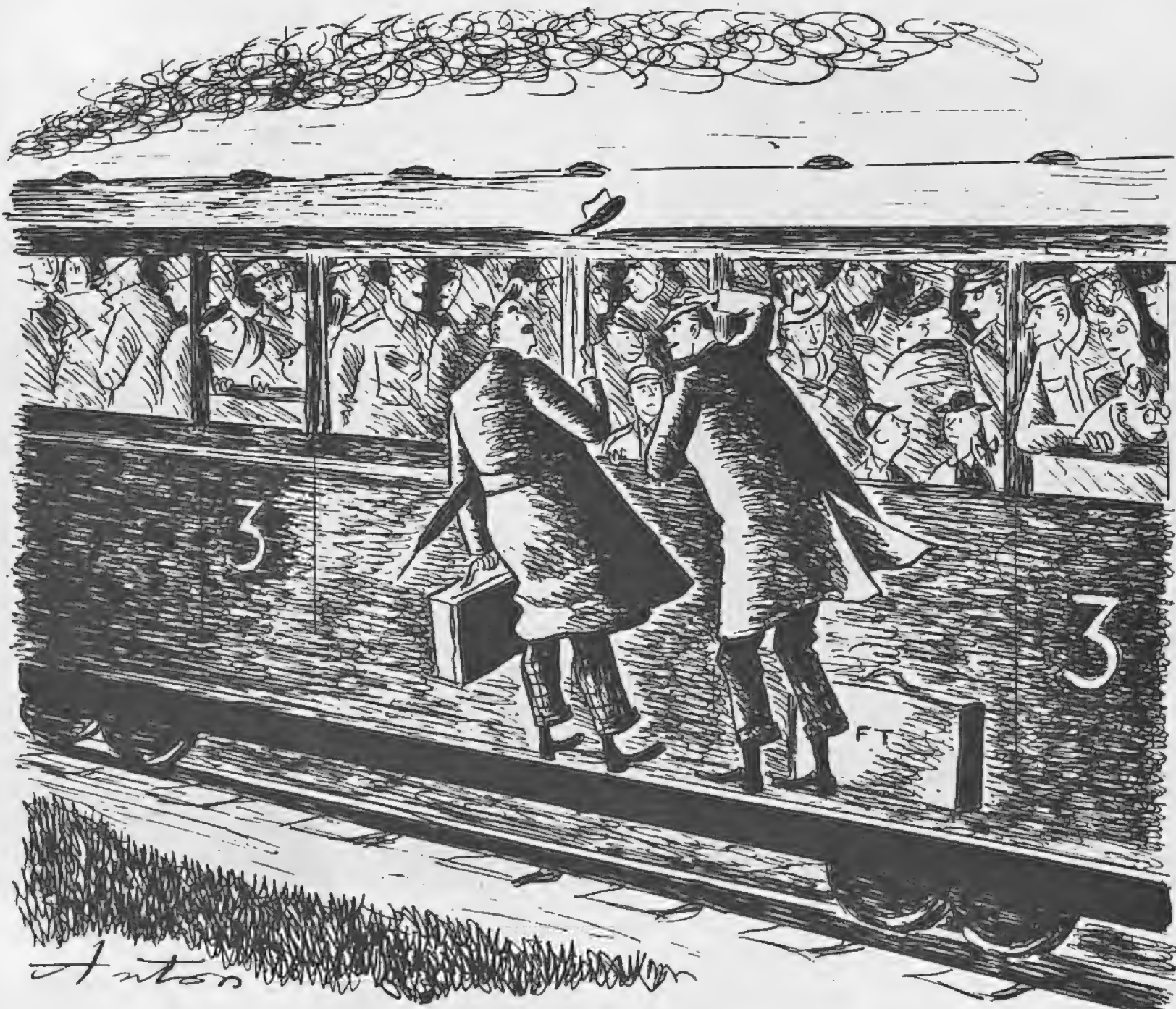
## Blot

**A** CHAP recently holding forth in the papers on the present crime-wave seemed to assume it was something quite new in our Rough Island Story. We asked a criminologist interested in social history about this and he arched his eyebrows.

He said: "Mention some very virtuous and eminent member of the Race offhand and I'll try and tell you the wrong 'un in the family."

The most obviously virtuous and eminent specimen we could think of offhand was the mild poet Cowper.

(Concluded on page 270)



"I think we get in at the next station"



# Brompton Oratory Wedding

Lord Dormer Marries Lady Maureen Noel



Capt. Lord Dormer, The Life Guards, of Grove Park, Warwick, and Lady Maureen Thérèse Josephine Noel were married on February 19 at the Brompton Oratory. The bride, only daughter of the late Earl of Gainsborough and of the Countess of Gainsborough, of Exton Park, Rutland, wore silver brocade with a Brussels lace veil and train



The Countess of Gainsborough, mother of the bride, and Lady Dormer, the bridegroom's mother, were photographed together at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel



Celia Vaughan Lee and Lord Lyell, seen with their mothers, were the child attendants. Mrs. Vaughan Lee is the bride's cousin, and Lady Lyell is the widow of Capt. Lord Lyell, V.C.



The three bridesmaids were the Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard (centre), daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, and Miss Rosalind and Miss Juliet Berkeley, nieces of the bridegroom

Photographs by Swaebe



Major the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, Lord Howard of Glossop's eldest son, and his brother, Martin, were both at the reception



The Earl of Gainsborough, seen here with the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, gave his sister away at her wedding



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

He said: "A well-known case. Cowper's grandfather, a lawyer named Spencer Cowper, was mixed up in the 1690's with the drowning of a rich young Quakeress, Sarah Stout, whose money Cowper was handling. He got off at Hertford Assizes and later became a judge. The trial is full of fascinating unsolved enigmas. Incidentally, these were too much for the presiding judge, Baron Hatsell, who came all over queer while summing up and said to the jury: 'I am a little faint, gentlemen, and cannot repeat any more of the evidence.'"

He added that the honest attitude towards such specks on the family scutcheon is that of the old Border families, who are tremendously proud to this day of those of their mosstrooper forbears who got hanged for murder or theft. Compare (he said) the violet-like shyness of modern Big Business additions to the Peerage.

## Chum

NESTLING in the bosom of the Royal Academy, the newly-elected sculptor of the Haig statue in Whitehall can henceforth make a long nose at those who still criticise his third and final attempt at that Haig horse—for example, monosyllabic and leathery hunting-women passing in buses.

Our long-faced chums are extremely tiresome from the art boys' standpoint. Not until high-speed photography came in did the observer realise that all the sporting artists since Art began were wrong about the legs of galloping horses. Those enormous creatures with tiny heads like snakes, which the 18th century was so fond of painting didn't vanish till Leech began drawing the Jorrocks pictures, unless we err damnably. And as for the Parthenon Frieze, which has evoked so much æsthetic prose; all those tubby quads need is rockers, an educated hunting-man was telling us.

## Footnote

As for the silliest horse in London, that barrel-shaped animal bestridden in Trafalgar Square by a stirrupless George IV., we can't think that as Prince Regent and former C.O. of a crack Hussar regiment he'd ever have passed it. We can see a typical scene at Carlton House with Brummell, graceful and languid as ever.

"That horse, damme! And me with no stirrups! What? What? Hey? What d'ye think of it, Brummell, hey?"

"If you will permit me, Sir, I will enquire."

(Brummell rings the bell and his valet appears.)

"Jackson, what do I think of his Royal Highness's latest equestrian statue?"

"So far as I recollect, sir, you think it is damnable."

"Yes—that is right, I remember. (Thank you, Jackson, you may go.) I seem to think it is damnable, Sir."

"Damnable, hey? Damme, you're right! Damme, it's the damndest," (etc., etc., etc.).

The sculptor would then have been for the high jump. We guess in his later years George IV. was too bored and lethargic to care if he'd been given an admiral's hat and silver bobbles on his toes.

## Gift

THREE pounds was the top bid at Sotheby's the other day for two albums chockfull of eminent Victorian autograph letters, including some from Gladstone, Huxley, Gilbert, Sullivan, and Lewis Carroll. A gift, as one might say. We'd have gone to four smackers ourselves, being a fool for Victorian autographs.

The appeal (to us) of these yellowed pages, that faded ink, is that you can sometimes get behind the halo and the whiskers, as it were, and see those fascinating Victorian monsters as they really were; though not very often, because they never left off posing, even in their flannel nightgowns. As a contrast, we treasure a letter from a great man of to-day in which, after discussing an obscure point in Renaissance history

we had asked him about, he adds an airy postscript, apropos of nothing:

P.S.: So-and-So [mentioning by name a leading politician of the 1920's] is undoubtedly a son-of-a-bitch.

Just that. The Human Note. You never find any eminent Victorian as frank and genial. But that is the lure of Victorian autograph-collecting. You might—who knows?—one day come across a note reading:

To the Swiftsure Laundry, Oxford: Where the hell is my missing sock? You know the sock I mean—grey, with a hole in the toe. How do you expect me to go about with only one sock, damn you? Return that sock at once or I'll blast the lights out of you. May you rot. W. PATER.

Brasenose Coll.

Then, perhaps, we'd see that bored expression vanish from the eyes of Sotheby, and the bidding go up and up.

## Fuzz

A Milder by-election mystery is the Landru beard of the 29-year-old Scots Nationalist candidate for Kirkcaldy, which his jealous opponents say is "cultivated to camouflage youth," but which the wearer himself attributes to a tender skin.

This explanation is good enough for anybody decent, unlike the explanation of the beard just grown by Prince Cyril of Bulgaria, which is possibly a B.B.C. device, as some lewd mocker recently surmised in a sneering limerick, as follows: "Said a Brains Trust tycoon to Prince Cyril, 'Your beard seems remarkably vyiril, we're the world's dumbest mutts and your namesake's gone nuts, so we might take you on as a squyrl.'"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"If I'm to write a book about our adventures here, Miss Snagg, and you go on behaving in that prudish way, it'll never be a best-seller"



"But what does it matter what Embassy he's at, darling; they all have enormous cars and masses of petrol!"





*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

## Celebrating a Birthday: Sir Henry Wood, F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M.

The seventy-fifth birthday, on March 3rd, of the great British conductor, Sir Henry Wood, coincides with the fiftieth season of the Promenade Concerts. To celebrate this double anniversary in the musical world, a Jubilee Concert is being held on March 4th at the Royal Albert Hall, proceeds of which will go to a general fund. Sir Henry Wood will decide to which appropriate musical cause the fund will be devoted as a permanent commemoration of his life's work. Sir Henry conducted the Choral Society Concerts since 1895 at the Queen's Hall until its destruction by enemy action, and in 1941 the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts opened at the Royal Albert Hall under his conductorship. For over fifty years this country, and London in particular, has been indebted to Sir Henry Wood for presenting to the general public so much splendid music. He is well known in the United States, and has also conducted in Rome, Copenhagen and Oslo





*The King and Queen and the Princesses in One of the Panelled Drawing-Rooms*



# The Royal Family at Home

## Some New Pictures

These charming informal pictures of the King and Queen and their daughters were taken recently at one of the Royal Palaces, in anticipation of the eighteenth birthday of Princess Elizabeth on April 21. Although she will not come of age in the full legal sense until she is twenty-one, on attaining the age of eighteen the Princess will qualify under the Regency Act of last year as a potential Counsellor of State. Last year, shortly before her birthday, she carried out her first public engagement, when she inspected a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, of which regiment she is Colonel. Since then she has taken an increasingly prominent part in public life, and with her sister often accompanies the Queen on her many engagements



Photographs by  
Cecil Beaton





Photographs by  
Swache

*Lord and Lady Errington and Lana*

## A Family of Three

Viscount and Viscountess Errington

The Hon. Lana Baring, daughter of Lord and Lady Errington, is now a self-possessed young lady of one year old. She received the photographer with equal dignity in afternoon dress and just out of the bath. Her father, the Earl of Cromer's only son, is a Major in the Grenadier Guards, and married the Hon. Esme Harmsworth in January, 1942. Lady Errington is the younger of Viscount Rothermere's two pretty daughters; her sister is the Hon. Mrs. Neill Cooper-Key



*On Her Father's Knee*



*Bath-Time for Lana*



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

**Graf Spee, December 1939—Kanyev, February 1944**

HITLER, in a burst of fury, ordered the Captain to end his life." "The German papers celebrate to-night (December 14th, 1939) a great sea victory of the pocket battleship Graf Spee over three British cruisers" (*Berlin Diary*, December 1939). Hitler, in another burst of fury, ordered the officers and men of the German Eighth Army in the Kanyev pocket on February 17th, 1944, to commit suicide. The German military commentators said that this army had fought its way out, that it really did not matter in any case, as it was only a bunch of assault troops.

**Racing—Provided Always**

THE Stewards of the Jockey Club have done all that it was possible for them to do under the permission of the Government, and have announced the dates of the 1944 classic races and some others, adding a footnote: "Altered circumstances may cause fixtures to be abandoned at the shortest notice." The necessity for this proviso is obvious. A big operation, such as is impending, involves a transport scheme of mammoth proportions: outwards for personnel and material of every description in a continuous flow, and inward for the inevitable casualties and the return of vehicles for reloading. The Stewards' express regret that it has not been possible to adopt Lord Rosebery's suggestion that the Derby and Oaks should be run at Ascot, a much more suitable test than the July course at Newmarket, and, incidentally, a much more accessible spot for the general public, because the idea has not been approved by the Government. The reason again is obvious. There is to be racing at Ascot, and also as far south as Windsor, but no ordinary card would, or does, attract the crowd that one in which the Derby is included does. The Government's decision is, therefore, a very wise one, and little as most people like the July Course, a bad one for the onlooker, it fulfils the main objective in such circumstances as the present ones—dispersion. If anyone thinks that the enemy will not be forced to counter-attack, then

I suggest that he thinks again. The enemy will be compelled to throw everything at us upon which he can lay his hands, and he will not be exactly squeamish as to what he uses. It is the gambler's throw, and he knows it.

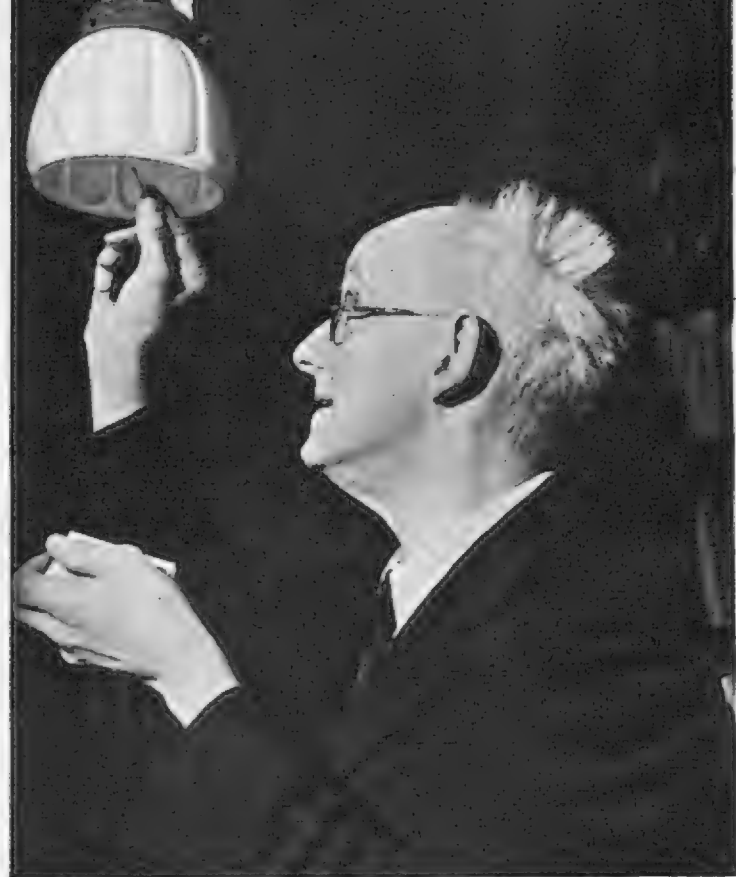
**The Dates**

HERE they are as from April 10th to July 22nd: Newmarket, the One Thousand, May 16th; the Two Thousand, May 17th; the Oaks, June 16th; the Derby, June 17th (a Saturday); also at Newmarket the Coronation Cup, June 6th (usually at Epsom); the Queen Mary Stakes (for two-year-old fillies), June 16th; the Coventry Stakes (two-year-olds), June 17th; and the Gold Cup (Ascot's very own), July 5th. I do not think that the rest of the dates need be here set out, and, anyway, these are the ones that interest Matlow, Private, Airman the most, wherever they may be, and may afford them a bit of fun in between noises off, excursions and alarms, the most boring period in the whole entertainment. Material for a few sums (I hope) next week! Nothing makes most people talk and argufy more than a horse, not even those unpleasant things bridge autopsies!

**Prince (Still) Regent**

THE grand 'chaser owned by Mr. J. V. Rank may have been a bit lucky to win the Baldoyle Thousand Pounder, if, that is to say, Prince Blackthorn really had him beaten going into the last fence. The "locals" say that this was so, and that it was the worst of bad fortune that Prince Blackthorn stood away too far, hit the top of it, pecked, and then rolled over. Prince Regent and Prince Blackthorn, so we are told,

(Concluded on page 276)



**"Mr. Chips" of the Cramming World**

Many famous Army men have been pupils of Mr. D. A. Ruddell, head of "Jimmie's," a well-known Kensington cramming college, where Mr. Churchill was a pupil fifty years ago.



**They Made a Record Flight**

Capt. Bernard Leete, Technical Advisor in Civil Aviation to the Indian Government, received the O.B.E. at a recent investiture. In 1926, before being blinded in a glider crash, he and Lt.-Cdr. Neville Stack (with him here) made a record-breaking, long-distance flight from England to India.



**A New R.A. in His Chelsea Studio**

Mr. Charles Cundall, A.R.A., one of three new Royal Academicians, has recently painted a number of pictures on the nation's war records. Amongst his best-known works are "Coronation Day, 1937," bought by Queen Mary for the King; "Derby Day, 1937" and "Victoria Station"



**Judging Other People's Cartoons**

Two famous British cartoonists were judging the cartoons at an Arts and Crafts exhibition given in London under the auspices of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the American Red Cross. They were David Low, creator of "Col. Blimp," and Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather, of "Old Bill" fame.





### Cadets of an Officers' Training-School in India

The above team were winners of a Rugby football championship, July 1943. On ground: A. R. Wood, P. M. Gilbert, G. R. Eves. Sitting: P. J. Cashmore, R. G. Bates, R. D. Hislop (captain), I. R. Hamilton (coach), S. J. Sumner, M. T. Collins. Standing: H. R. Gatehouse, J. R. Lawrence, S. J. Overnade, D. J. Norris, J. R. McPherson, H. A. G. Rees, D. H. Jordan, J. Eisler, C. Clough



### Middlesex Hospital Rugby Football XV., 1944

Middlesex Hospital has beaten St. Bartholomew's and London Hospitals and Cambridge University, and lost to Oxford and Rosslyn Park. On ground: R. Seidelin, D. W. James. Sitting: R. W. Nash, T. J. Wilmot, M. Shirley (captain), G. M. Colson, R. M. Jackson. Standing: A. D. Thomson, J. A. Rycroft, R. Womersley, H. Price, H. V. Graham, A. J. Graham. Behind: P. Boreham, J. Stewart

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

had been out by themselves for the last 7 furlongs of the 3 miles 100 yards journey, both jumping faultlessly: Prince Regent, they say, was being driven two fences from home, but was virtually upside down with Prince Blackthorn at the last one. Prince Regent never laid a toe on a twig: Prince Blackthorn did, as already recorded. My own experience is that a horse well set into the rhythm of the job does not, as a rule, misdate them (a) unless he is "beat" or (b) bumped. The weights this year were Prince Regent 12 st. 7 lb., Prince Blackthorn 10 st. 1 lb., a difference of 2 st. 6 lb., a dickens of a concession over three miles of Irish mud. Last year in the selfsame race Prince Regent had 12 st. 7 lb., Prince Blackthorn 10 st. 6 lb., so he was a lot better in this year. Then Prince Regent won by a neck, which the "heads" said could have been more; then, as this year, the two were out by themselves: Prince Blackthorn, then—as now, led the champion going in to the last one; Prince Regent out-jumped him, and in the run-in his superior speed served. The "jockey in the stand" sometimes thinks he sees more than the "jockey in the plate": personally, I've

never believed this, but not having been even in the stand, all that I have ventured to do is to catalogue the reported facts and retain my own private opinion that the Prince is still Regent, and that even all this hard toil under heavy burdens has not knocked him out. How should we handicap Prince Regent and Royal Danieli can be only a matter of academic interest, since the latter is out of business. Royal Danieli, the best steeplechase horse from Ireland that I think I have ever seen, must have won the 1938 Grand National at Aintree if a loose horse (Takvor Pasha) had not interfered with him, thus allowing Battleship to beat him a head. He was, in my view, going twice as well as the winner, and he might have won easily if he had come away a bit earlier. Workman, who won in 1939, was a bad third upon this occasion. I think I should put Prince Regent and Royal Danieli level in the National and expect to be about right.

### "The East A-Callin'"

THE wedding on February 12th of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon Lang at Machynlleth, calls to mind the fact that the bride's father, Mr. R. A. C. Pugh, is one of the few people who have won that very rough and strenuous contest, the Calcutta Paperchase Cup, more than once. One of the conditions is "owners up," and the horse must have been qualified by

having been well and truly ridden in at least half the number of 'chases during the season. Just taking him out to have a look-see will not get him his ticket. To call the Calcutta Paperchase Cup a "rough" ride is more an understatement than otherwise. It is usually run about the end of February, when the going is as hard as the high road: the distance is about five miles, with at least thirty obstacles, mostly mud walls, built up to 4 ft. to 5 ft., and they must be jumped, not chanced. Roly Pugh, an old friend of happier days, won this Cup in 1900 on Ladybird, in 1903 on Beeswing II. and in 1905 on Mistletoe, a big, well-named horse by Grafton. This would be a record but for the fact that the late Major C. W. Muir won it three years in succession—1878-79-80—on the same horse, Warwickshire Lad. Roly Pugh's mother was a daughter of a famous Indigo planter, James Hills, of Neechindepore, Bengal, a legendary figure in the pig-sticking world, and his father, L. P. Pugh, was one of the great guns of the Calcutta bar. One of the sons of old Jimmy Hills was Sir James Hills-Johnes, V.C., and Mrs. Pugh's great-grandfather was General Corderan, who commanded the French troops at Pondicherry, 1780-90. Both this new bridegroom, who is in the Indian police, and his little bride, I understand, ride really well! So here's God-speed, a good start and a lead, and the luck of each fence where it's low!



Mrs. B. M. O'Rourke, whose horse Barghara was a runner in the Baldoyle 'Chase, was with Mrs. J. W. Osborne, wife of the trainer



Watching Mount Brown win the Steward's 'Chase were Capt. Thomas Weldon, Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment, and Mrs. Weldon



Capt. M. Park, Irish Guards, who was recently wounded, was at Baldoyle Races with Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of the Earl of Roden's son and heir



Mr. M. J. Brophy and the Hon. Mrs. Nigel Baring watched Mr. J. V. Rank's Prince Regent win the Baldoyle 'Chase

### Irish Racegoers: At the Baldoyle Races, Dublin

Poole, Dublin



# On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

## Senior Officers of a Fighter Station

S/Ldr. Barclay, W/Cdr. E. H. Thomas, D.S.C., D.F.C., W/Cdr. A. H. Donaldson, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., S/Ldr. Watts, D.F.C., S/Ldr. H. A. S. Johnston, D.F.C.

Right—front row: Capt. D. G. D. Law, R.E.M.E., R. C. Winton, B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E., R.E.M.E., A.T. Luckham, R.E.M.E., Hon. C. Hankey, B.Sc., R.M., Major D. G. Stokes, A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.A.E., R.E.M.E., the Commanding Officer, A.M.I.A.E., R.E.M.E., Capt. H. S. Galvert, A.M.I.E.E., R.E.M.E., Major J. A. McKay, R.M., Capt. M. Pickard, R.M., D. McMillan, T.M.O., R. Sigs., H. L. White, A.M.I.E.E., R.E.M.E., J. D. Snel, R.E.M.E. Second row: Lts. R. M. Ramsdale, R.M., A. N. Birkmyre, R.M., G. W. Gadd, R.M., Capt. I. H. McKinley, R.M., R. J. Butcher, R.E.M.E., P. E. Brownlow, R.E.M.E., C. Rainlow, Ph.D., B.Sc., W.M.O., R.E.M.E., L. S. H. Brooks, R.M., Lts. J. L. Hodges, R.E.M.E., F. E. Ives, B.A., R.M., P. H. Best, B.Sc., R.E.M.E. Back row: Lts. C. E. Marlow, R.M., J. Bonner, R.M., D. O. Wiggett, R.M., J. G. Hill, B.Sc., R.E.M.E., W. J. Cleare, R.M.O., R.M., P. H. Allingham, R.M., I. H. Slee, R.M.O., R.M., 2nd Lt. M. Martin, U.D.F., Lts. A. H. Chapman, R.M., J. M. Ross, Green Howards



## Officers of a Squadron in the Middle East

Front row: Lts. J. W. Trotter, D. W. Scott, J. H. Knoblauch, I. J. Greene (S.A.A.F.). Second row: F/Lts. D. H. P. Brown, A. Bowman, D. J. G. Harcourt, D.F.C., S/Ldr. S. A. M. Morrison, F/Lts. C. E. Tait, D. Stothard, G. D. Thomas. Back row: F/Os R. Townsend, P. F. White, W. H. Hulin, P/O. K. J. Stafford, F/Os F. R. Senior, G. E. Pearce, L. J. Drewry, G. P. Masters, G. C. Swann, J. S. Berry, H. G. Litchfield



## Officers of Combined Army and Royal Marine Workshops in Sicily



D. R. Stuart

## Engineer Officers of a Fleet Air Arm Station

Front row: Sub-Lt. (AE) W. G. Coxon, Lt. (AE) C. L. P. Vereker, Cdr. (E) F. V. Stopford, R.N., Sub-Lt. (AE) (P) J. M. Reid, Lt. (AE) R. W. Molyneux. Back row: Sub-Lt. (AE) J. McCrae, Sub-Lt. (AE) D. B. Wallis, (AE) E. W. Atkinson, R. M. Reid, Mr. Foster, R.N., Warrant Electrician



## Officers of an R.A.F. Station

Front row: F/Lts. D. Tracey, L. E. Small, S/Ldrs. G. Prigmore, K. Henderson, W/Cdr. A. W. Shaw (Station Commander), Lt/Col. D. Mackenzie Bennett, F/Os H. F. Morgan, R. H. Bryant, W. T. Ellis. 2nd row: F/Os J. Newman, M. L. Daniels, R. J. Frost, S/Os J. A. Fenwick, M. J. Fairbanks, O. S. Raylts, F/Os M. Watts, D. W. Ansell, P/O. D. A. Lathery. Third row: F/Os A. E. Clift, H. F. Turner, S. R. Harding, J. M. Sarson, F/Lt. R. P. Curtis, F/O H. Dale, P/O. C. M. Pile, F/Os W. Bowers, P. Rees. Back row: F/O. J. C. Couch, F/Lts. T. A. V. Booth, J. F. Williams, T. A. Rose, P/O. Nolder, F/O. Meakin, P/O. A. Ramsbottom, F/Lt. J. W. Holmes



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Islanders at War

"HOME FRONT" (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is another—the fifth—instalment of J. L. Hodson's War Diary. Its immediate predecessor, reviewed in these pages, was *War in the Sun*. These diaries of Mr. Hodson's seem to me to have double value: at once contemporary and for the future. Why? Because they provide a continuous running record of the years onward from 1939, and because they are, to a rare degree, comprehensive. The author, obviously, could not be everywhere at the same time; but he has a way of letting any scene he describes reflect what is happening elsewhere. His imagination grasps, firmly, the concept of world war, and he makes the most random incident or brief scrap of dialogue appear in its relevance to that whole. The apparent attractive inconsequence of his entries might be, at the first glance, deceptive. He does certainly note things down because they amuse or intrigue him, and because they may well amuse or intrigue the reader. But he never notes down anything that has not a point, or that fails to illuminate character or events.

One can realise, looking back, that each year of this war—in fact, each one of each year's four seasons—has had its distinctive temperature and colour. These can be partially, but not wholly, accounted for by successes and reverses, our ups and downs. Our susceptibilities have been, in themselves, variable. It has been interesting to move about among people—even, as most of us must, in a fairly small way—and see how incalculable their reactions are—to a major headline, to a speech, to a new restriction, to an irrepressible rumour. Mr. Hodson has moved about in a big way—not only from front to front, but from man to man. He has by now acquired far-reaching terms of comparison. Both by nature and training observant (this might go without saying), he is at the same time disabused, shrewd and frank. His frankness I find especially reassuring: he does not hesitate, in his wish for the all-round picture, to record the less shining side of human behaviour, and his accounts are, therefore, a first-rate corrective to idealised official pictures of us British at war. Human nature remains human nature—and well we know it. The grumbler, the slacker, the sceptic, the self-pitier, the maker of reservations on his or her private behalf, are always with us, and, perhaps, even latently *within* many of us. Some of the dispassionate entries in Mr. Hodson's pages make one look rather sharply into one's own heart.

This *Home Front* comes, in all senses, nearer home than preceding volumes of Mr. Hodson's Diaries. It is sub-titled: "Being some account of journeys, meetings and what was said to me in and about England during 1942-1943." It is a crowded (without being incoherent) book, on a crowded scene. It renders both the density and the intensity of this embattled

island, and captures the moods, the stresses and the characteristics of an island race—the British—engaged in a world war.

## It Takes All Sorts . . .

As it takes all sorts to make a world, it takes as many to wage a modern war. On countless men and women, boys and girls, in our docks, factories, shipyards, hospitals, the Forces and Civil Defence, Mr. Hodson shows the impact of world ideas. Masses of British people, of the less travelled sort, have cherished their own, unconscious isolationism. There have been many things that they have not wanted to know. Mr. Hodson makes it quite clear that, as an ally, Russia has fired the working-class imagination most; America, with her standards of creature comfort, appeals more, he suggests, to the middle class. As to our nearer Continental neighbours, with the exception of Germany, opinion, if any, would seem to be negative. In the main, war routine has civilians well in its grip: outside long working hours, the young seek romance, on or off the screen; their elders are more than occupied keeping the home going. Talk, however, abounds. Fatigue and, still more, boredom are menaces not to be overlooked—both could have adverse effects on production as on morale. The effect of blitzes on England has been, on the whole, stimulating. Over-optimism or undue pessimism, according to news from the fronts, both leave their marks on output. As interesting as anything in *Home Front* are the remarks on courage—its psychology, its inconsistencies, the qualitative (rather than quantitative) difference between courage in men and in women.

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

THE other night a theatrical company visited our little

town, performing a lurid melodrama which once played an important part in the Victorian stock repertory. The black-haired villain twirled his moustache, the heroine was just saved from seduction by a golden hair, the old mother wailed, the old father stormed, a mortgage hung over all and the hero stepped out just in time to save the final situation. The modern audience was amused and patronising. They considered the Victorian audience must have been adorers of the idiotic. They themselves had advanced. They knew the exact difference between "It" and "Oomph." They would never have taken such bosh seriously. How "green" was the parental valley!

Several nights later I visited our local cinema. It was packed to suffocation. The previous week's trailer had promised us something "epic," something "stupendous, smashing, colossal." Two complete lists of people bearing Teutonic or Jewish names proved what a number of people had thrown their heart into the production. It was directed by this man, produced by that; a full orchestra accompanied the more sentimental moments. The film began in a blaze of noise. The young hero was told to visit Europe to get a list of infamous Nazis, the plan of an electric mine, a secret document which might save the world. To make it all more easy, he took with him his extremely dressy bride, and thus, hand in hand, they tracked the enemy to his lair.

By Richard King

In the meanwhile, just to ginger up the silliest story imaginable, there were great wastes of ammunition which hurt nobody, several of those dreary pursuits of one American car after another through country obviously faked and amid a moonlight which would certainly have surprised the moon. Possessing no luggage, the heroine changed from one elaborate costume to another at every available opportunity, while the spotlight followed her about like a faithful hound. Eventually, hidden beneath a rug in the car, she became invisible to the searching party of Nazi thugs, reaching the Italian frontier complete with list of names, electric mine plan, secret document and all.

Anything sillier or more boring I have seldom sat through, but the audience seemed to love it. Useless to try to convince them that the whole thing was merely the more boshy Victorian melodrama, costing thousands to produce instead of a few pounds. Each as utterly unreal, far-fetched and silly as the other. They wouldn't have believed me.

Every generation, I suppose, views the idiocy of a previous generation as if it were far more idiotic than its own. No generation, I begin to suspect, ever quite grows up. Its inclination to cling to a kind of mildewed adolescence persists eternally. One can only hope that the New World planners will take note of this historically inescapable fact. Otherwise their plans won't get them far—beyond electricity, main drainage and a cheap radio blaring dance music in every home.



The Late Captain Martin Hawkin,  
of "The Bystander"

In Martin Hawkin, who died in India last month at the age of thirty, THE BYSTANDER has lost an invaluable member of its editorial staff. At Queen's, Cambridge, Martin revived and edited *Varsity Weekly* before joining us in January 1936. Enlisting in the Field Security Police, he went to Norway in 1940 and, two years later, to India to join the Hyderabad Regiment. A good linguist, he studied Hindustani and Urdu, and was attached to the General Staff at G.H.Q., New Delhi. A short-story writer of promise, his exciting first novel, *When Adolf Came* (Jarrolds), fully deserved its success. He married Mlle. Pierrette Lamunière, daughter of the proprietor of the *Lausanne Tribune*. She and her small daughter are in Switzerland.

All Mr. Hodson's journeys, as extensive as the size of England allows, were necessary: they were made with the object of collecting material for his broadcasts. And none of his reflections are out of the blue—all arise from a definite incident, a remark, an extract from a letter or from apparently enigmatic behaviour on the part of some person that he describes. His power of painting in words is well to the fore here—the park of the country house as the scene of a training battle; docks, shipyards, a bomber station, a submarine base, factory interiors, an East Anglian "deserted village," homes of all sorts and the varying discomforts of provincial wartime hotels: all these should go straight to the reader's imagination and, as surely, remain in his memory. . . . If you, tied to your own responsibilities and your own routine, want to know what and how the rest of England is doing, you cannot do better than read *Home Front*. And the book would do well for the men abroad who would like to know how we make out at home.

## Barricades

To the more disturbing questions, the questions one asks oneself, there seldom appears to be any final answer. Several are raised in Philip Toynbee's remarkable novel, *The Barricades* (Putnam; 8s. 6d.). For instance, "Am I," Michael Rawlins might well have asked, "my brother's keeper?" It was, on the face of it, preposterous that Rawlins—sacked, a few days ago for drunkenness, from his post as French master at a

(Concluded on page 280)



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



### Lumley-Smith — Napier

Capt. Timothy A. Lumley-Smith, 17/21st Lancers, elder son of Major Sir Thomas and Lady Lumley-Smith, of St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate, S.W., married Miss Ruth Napier, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Napier, of 8, Rex Place, W., at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



### Napier — Lindsay

Lt.-Cdr. Lennox William Napier, R.N., son of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Napier, of Boldre Hill, Lymington, Hants., and Miss Elizabeth Eve Lindsay, daughter of the late Capt. Crawford Lindsay and Mrs. Lindsay, of King's Wood, Weybridge, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



### Hunter — Bosanquet

Lt.-Col. John Antony Hunter, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, eldest son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Alan Hunter and the Hon. Lady Hunter, married Miss Dauphine Bosanquet, elder daughter of Mr. Nicolas C. S. Bosanquet, of Woodlands House, Bishop's Stortford, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



### Montgomery — Poland

Major David Montgomery, The Buffs, younger son of the late Sir Hubert Montgomery and Lady Montgomery, and Miss Joan Catharina Poland, younger daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. John Poland, of The Homestead, Seal, were married at St. Paul's, Seal, Kent



### Stuart Hamilton — Mackay

Capt. Michael H. A. Stuart Hamilton, M.C., The Black Watch, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hamilton, of Shooting Greens of Strachan, Kincardineshire, married Miss Esther L. S. Mackay, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. R. S. Mackay, of Calcutta and Doune, Perthshire, at St. Mathew's, Great Peter Street, Westminster



### Eden — Brook

Lt. Michael Charles Eden, R.E., younger son of Brig. and Mrs. H. C. H. Eden, of Sandford House, Richmond, Yorkshire, and Miss Patricia Brook, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. J. Brook, of The Ridding, Bentham, were married at Bentham Parish Church



### Woodrow — Prestige

Capt. John Woodrow, Royal Signals, son of the late Capt. F. H. Woodrow and Mrs. Woodrow, of Daintree, Ringinglow Road, Sheffield, married Miss Elizabeth Prestige, younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Prestige, of Bourne Park, Bishopscourt, Kent, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 265)

wedding ceremony of Lady Maureen Noel and Lord Dormer. He held his small companion, Celia Vaughan-Lee, a cousin of the bride, firmly by the hand and guided her in the right direction when Lady Maureen arrived at Brompton Oratory. Lady Maureen was wearing a full-skirted wedding-dress made of the most wonderful white satin brocade, with a flower pattern worked in silver thread. She arrived wearing a lovely mink coat over her wedding-dress, for it was a cold morning. Her grown-up bridesmaid, the Hon. Mariegold Fitzalan-Howard, also arrived in a fur coat and discarded this for a blue fox bolero, which she wore over her red velvet frock during the actual ceremony, for the church was cold. Both the bride and bridegroom are Catholics, and there was a full nuptial mass, officiated over by Dr. Griffin, the new Archbishop of Westminster, who gave an inspiring address.

## Guests There

AFTER the ceremony, guests were greeted by the bride's mother, the Countess of Gainsborough, and her son, the present Earl, who had given his sister away. Several American officers, old friends of the bride and her family, acted as ushers. The Gainsboroughs were in Washington for some time, and have many friends on both sides of the Atlantic, and Lady Maureen has been working in an American Information bureau since she came home. Mrs. John Wills, a niece of the Queen, and whose husband is in the same regiment as the bridegroom, the Life Guards, was one of the guests; Lady Lyell brought her small son; Mrs. Vaughan-Lee, who was looking lovely in emerald-green, brought her bridesmaid



## G.T.C. Delegates Meet Editors of Women's Publications

Mr. E. O. Norton presided over the meeting in London, at which were delegates from the English, Scottish and Welsh Associations of Girls' Training Corps. Round the table: Lady Carey Evans, the Marchioness of Graham, Lady Stratheden, Mr. E. O. Norton, Miss Grace Browning, Miss West, Miss L. Brown, Miss Cooper, Miss Bernice Smith. Behind are junior officers, N.C.O.s and cadets

daughter. (Mrs. Vaughan-Lee was Agnes King before her marriage in 1940 to Sub.-Lt. Charles Vaughan-Lee, R.N.V.R.; she is the daughter of Lady Clare King, who is an aunt of the Earl of Gainsborough and of the new Lady Dormer. Others among the congregation were Marie Lady Leigh, Lady Blackett, Lord and Lady Greville, Lady Croft, Lady Ursula and Mr. Newton Horne, and the Dowager Lady Swaythling. There was a family lunch before Lord and Lady Dormer left for their honeymoon in Gloucestershire.

## Around Town

DINING in a packed London restaurant I saw John de Pret, elder son of Capt. Jackie de Pret and of Mrs. Carlos-Clarke. He was with his father, who was looking as immaculate as ever and wearing "blues"; another there was the Earl of Fortescue, also in uniform; Lady Scarsdale wore a plain black frock and looked very elegant; Viscountess Lambton, who one sees seldom in London these days, was also there; Miss Adrienne Allen, lovely in a flame-coloured suit, came in late; Lord and Lady Edward Hay entertained a young party for Sarah Birkin. At the May Fair I saw Mr. Stefan Thorvardsson, the new Icelandic Minister, and his most attractive wife. According to Mr. Thorvardsson, Iceland is probably the best-heated country in the world just now. The Icelanders make ingenious use of the steam which issues from the many geysers in the country. Another in the May Fair was the American actor, James Cagney. He was in town especially to entertain 1400 Middlesex Army Cadet boys at the Palace Theatre, and got a tremendous reception. The boys, most of whom had seen the film, joined him in singing the old favourites of *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, and cheered themselves hoarse when finally Mr. Cagney left the stage. He is certainly one of the hardest-working stars to visit this country, and left at dawn the following morning for another "command" performance.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 278)

public school, and now enjoying with equanimity, while his bank balance lasts, freedom, London and the "good-timing" summer of 1937—should be tracked down by an ex-pupil, David Markham, who announces that he has run away from school. More, inspired by what he thinks to be Rawlins's example, Markham is now set on going to Spain to fight in the International Brigade. The boy sees the ex-master in an heroic light: he insists that Rawlins has been dismissed because he denounced Franco.

Thus Rawlins finds himself already involved, and in danger of being involved more deeply, in Markham's human fate and spiritual destiny. The situation, the one-sided moral tie, is irksome to him—against the grain of his nature. About twenty years, and all that those years can stand for, separate man and boy. Rawlins, at thirty-seven, is a typical product of his own, post-the-last-war generation—sceptical, irresponsible, anti-idealistic, deliberately travelling light where commitments of any kind are concerned. Markham's hysterical innocence and dire whole-heartedness at once irk or confound him. It seems totally wrong that Markham should go to Spain, at his age, for his reasons and in his state of mind. But can Rawlins stop him, and should he—and, if so, why?

Desultoriness and cynicism have led Rawlins to involve himself with a group of people met in the Ritz bar; and Markham, pending the contacts that will get him to Spain, drifts, after Rawlins, into their orbit. The repugnance the boy feels begins to give way, perceptibly, where one of the group, Rose Palliser, is concerned. Rawlins, having first tried to side-track the issue by contacting Markham's father, a business man, tries to do so again by going to France when it seems certain that Markham will go to Spain: first in Paris, then in the South of France, he seeks distraction and, unconsciously, reassurance with his contemporaries. But a round of neurotic pleasures in the wake of Lord Woodstock only drives the repressed situation in. Then he learns that Rose has succeeded where he failed—she has kept Markham in England, as her lover. Rawlins's idea of Rose, and the news that Markham is drinking, make him see this, for the boy, as the worst of possible fates. Throwing up his precept of non-responsibility, he returns, to surprise the pair in a sedate Suffolk house. Thus begins the third, and decisive, part of *The Barricades*. Rose does not fight: she hands Markham back to Rawlins; and Rawlins, finally, hands Markham to Spain.

The novel, deeply conceived and finely and surely written, is well named. The impassable barricades, which all the characters feel and from which many suffer, are those that stand between age and age, class and class. Rawlins, for instance, has more in common with the despicable Woodstock than with the lovable Markham. Is this natural, or unnatural? Are we ever, or should we never hope, all to understand the same language? Must the ideals of one generation appear as pathetic illusions to another? Is detachment, with that gain in personal balance, to be abjured as selfish or sought as admirable? Are the betrayals in which *The Barricades* abounds—even Markham defaults, for a time, by staying behind with Rose—inevitable?

The characters in *The Barricades* have an urgent, and haunting, reality—Rawlins, Markham, Rose (with her sombre power and zebra hair), Rawlins's friend Thomssen, and Markham's father. I personally should recognise any of them on walking into a room. They are also—as I see the structure of novels—in the ideal relation to the plot: they not only express and further it, they contain it. It is controlled writing (as here), not the heated-up over-writing that sometimes passes as "powerful," that makes a book dynamic in the true sense.

## Man v. Nature

"THE SNOW," by Crichton Porteous (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.), is a novel that also deserves praise. Here are six days in the life of a snowbound farmhouse, during the first winter of the war. There is something salutary and refreshing about this picture of an acute phase in the farmer's eternal battle. "Wars come and go," says John Kirk to his wife, at the end, "but there were snows and farming before that, and there'll be snows and farming after this war. How am I to manage without Tim?" For Tim, the younger of the two farmhands, has only waited to help the Kirks through this crisis before going off to join up. The silence and glare of snow, outside the farmhouse, outside the small, cut-off country town, is felt—as one threat and contretemps piles up on another. The figures, the Kirks and their neighbours, digging, grumbling, wondering, struggling with sleds, stand out, sharp and human, against the white wastes. Indoors, Hilda Kirk (a townswoman before marriage) fears the boiler will blow up, that John will never get home, that Connie, the kitten-like evacuee child, will catch cold, that the glass trinket-tray on her dressing-table will crack. . . . The delivery of the milk (for customers must be kept), the digging party, the sortie for food and fodder and the search for the sheep, are epic. . . . I read *The Snow*, from beginning to end, with a tingling sense of reality.

## Summers to Come

"THE BORDER IN COLOUR" (Collins; 21s.) is the third in T. C. Mansfield's series of gardening books—it follows *Alpines* and *Roses*, and, like its predecessors, is at once minutely informative and widely inspiring, and has 80 startlingly beautiful coloured-photograph plates. May we not indulge in some private planning—gardens of the future, as well as homes?





## BURBERRYS

"Burberrys," the registered trade name, is British, but knows no borders in its fame—and only knows one limit to the quality of the clothes that bear its name—the best.

In war, as in peace, "Burberrys" is a front line term for Services Equipment to the United Forces. Weatherproofs, Greatcoats and Uniforms are Burberrys contribution in a vital war of supply.

Burberrys take just pride in sharing in the united effort to ultimate Victory for the United Nations.

*Agents in all principal towns*

**BURBERRYS** LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1



## The Loving Cup

The loving cup and the grace cup are sometimes thought to be much the same thing. So they are in the ceremony of the drinking but their origins are very different. The true loving cup had a lid and the one about to drink would turn to the neighbour on his right who would remove the lid with his right (or dagger) hand and thus keep it innocently occupied. The grace cup which also passed round the table, was instituted by a Scots queen who conceived the idea of keeping back a bumper of specially choice wine until after grace had been said and thus keep the diners in their places.

**Schweppes**<sup>\*</sup>  
*Table Waters*  
*famous since 1790*

<sup>\*</sup> Temporarily giving place to the standard war-time product  
—but Schweppes quality will return with victory.





## SPORTING ELEGANCE

**The High Spot of  
British Tailoring**

For generations Britain has been unrivalled in the casual elegance of her tailoring. In war this tradition is upheld by firms like Aquascutum, who, in spite of difficulties, maintain the high standard established in years of peace by producing models such as these. Jacket, skirt and trousers are of the same material—a shower-proof glenurquhart tweed. They can be made to your measure as a three-piece or as a suit and trousers separately. Back fullness gives the jacket shoulder freedom, skilfully sewn skirt pleats avoid any possibility of gaping, and particularly well-cut trousers prove that this controversial garment can be slimming as well as practical. The finely ribbed corduroy lumber jacket—as serviceable for work as it is for play—is also by Aquascutum





## Relaxation

A few rows of knitting, an hour with a book, a game of cards . . . the relaxation without which good war work is impossible. And a few minutes a day for Gala. The soft, creamy long-lasting lipstick that gives an air of holiday to the hardest work, of gaiety to the briefest leisure.

THE *Liveliest* LIPSTICK IN TOWN



GALA LIPSTICK 5/3 . REFILLS (FIT ALMOST ANY CASE), 2/11  
GALA FACIAL CREAM, 5/3 . GALA POWDER, 5/3

Coupons are well spent on  
a good Tailormade.



### TOWN TAILORMADE

The indispensable black Suit . . . this smart version is in a good quality wool cheviot, the coat featuring the popular high buttoning, well cut skirt with inverted pleat "trouser stitched" back and front.

(18 coupons)

*Debenham & Freebody*  
LANGHAM 4444. WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenham's Ltd.)



# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE golfer gazed at his caddy indignantly. "A driver for this hole? Only 160 yards? Why, it is just a mashie and a putt for me!" Confidently he stepped up to the ball, mashie in hand. "Chug!" The ball dribbled off the tee amid an eruption of clods. There was an instant's silence, broken only by the murmur of the caddy:—"Now for a — long putt!"

IT happened in the days of the old West. A group of indignant citizens had captured a horse thief after a long chase—and the men were now arguing as to whether they should hang the thief, or shoot him. The leader finally turned to the thief in an effort to settle the dispute.

"I'm gonna let you settle this," he said. "Half the boys want to shoot you; the other half want to hang you. Which do you want?"

The horse thief shook his head vigorously. "Leave me out of this!" he cried heatedly. "What do you want me to do—get in touch with these men?"

A WELL-TO-DO negro had been ill for some time and showed no sign of improvement under treatment by a doctor of his own race. So presently he dismissed him and summoned a white man. The new doctor examined the patient, and then asked: "Did the other doctor take your temperature?"

The sick man shook his head doubtfully. "I dunno, suh," he declared, "I sartinly dunno. All I've missed so far is my watch."

THE teacher wanted to impress on his class that there was nothing a man could not do if he put his mind to it. Young Jones begged to differ.

"Well," said the teacher, "tell me and the class what it is."

"You try to light a match on a piece of soap," was the answer.

THE sergeant-major had just been giving a particularly gory lesson on the use of the bayonet. The practice sack had been slashed and reslashed, and by the close of the lesson was hanging in suggestive strips. Then the voice of the instructor barked out:—

"Any here wish to ask any questions?"

"Yes, sir!" a tremulous voice quavered. "How do you transfer to the R.A.M.C.?"

THE following is an example of the school-boy howler type of story.

"For all these acts of folly," wrote the schoolboy, "James II must be held responsible. But then there happened something for which James could not be held responsible. His wife bore him a son."

"WHY don't you walk down the street instead of galloping round in the revolving door?" the hotel porter asked a guest who had explained that he was just taking a walk before breakfast to sharpen his appetite.

"I mustn't go too far," said the guest. "I'm expecting a telephone call any minute!"



"The Witch" Seeks Refuge

"The Witch," at the Arts Theatre, a Norwegian play adapted by John Masefield, is a sombre and dramatic story set in Bergen in the year 1574, telling of the cruel persecution by Lutherans of an alleged "witch." Above, Chris Castor as Herlofs-Marte, the accused woman, begs help from the Palace chaplain's young wife, played by Mary Morris

IN a remote country village a new letter-box had been put up and caused a great deal of comment among the village children. The point of discussion was as to whom the new box belonged.

"I think it belongs to the doctor," said one young squire.

"Well, I say that's squire's," argued another.

"No, it isn't!" shouted a third. "It's by the church door, so it must be the rector's."

"Rats!" cried the boy scornfully. "It can't be the rector's. Read what says on it: 'No Collect on Sundays.'"

TWO travellers stood at a bar. One was doing most of the talking.

"Yes," said the talkative one, "I came home one morning after midnight, and, as I opened the door, I saw a stranger kissing my wife. I closed the door softly and hurried downstairs. At 1 a.m. I came back. I opened the door softly—and there was the stranger, still kissing my wife. So I went downstairs again. At 1.30—"

"Just a minute," interrupted the other man. "What did the other man say?"

did you keep galloping downstairs? Why didn't you walk right into the room?"

The talkative man frowned. "What?" he cried, "and have my wife catch me coming home at the hour?"

PAPER IS STILL NEEDED FOR MUNITIONS OF WAR. SAVE YOURS FOR SALVAGE



One of the many delightful frocks to be chosen from the new collection of Model Gowns

at Derrys

The illustration is a charming example in lovely shaded gabardine of blackberry colouring—perfect in styling for the woman of discrimination

£19 : 4 : 6

(11 coupons)

Models for the "leave" Occasion and the War-time Wedding from £7

Gowns: Second Floor

Derry & Toms  
Kensington W



Provincial Enquiries:  
Nicoll Clothes  
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE  
W.1



Nicolls of Regent Street  
120 Regent Street London W.1  
Tel. Regent 193

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export





FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.

CLEANSING MILK BY

**Anne French**  
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Thank goodness I always bought

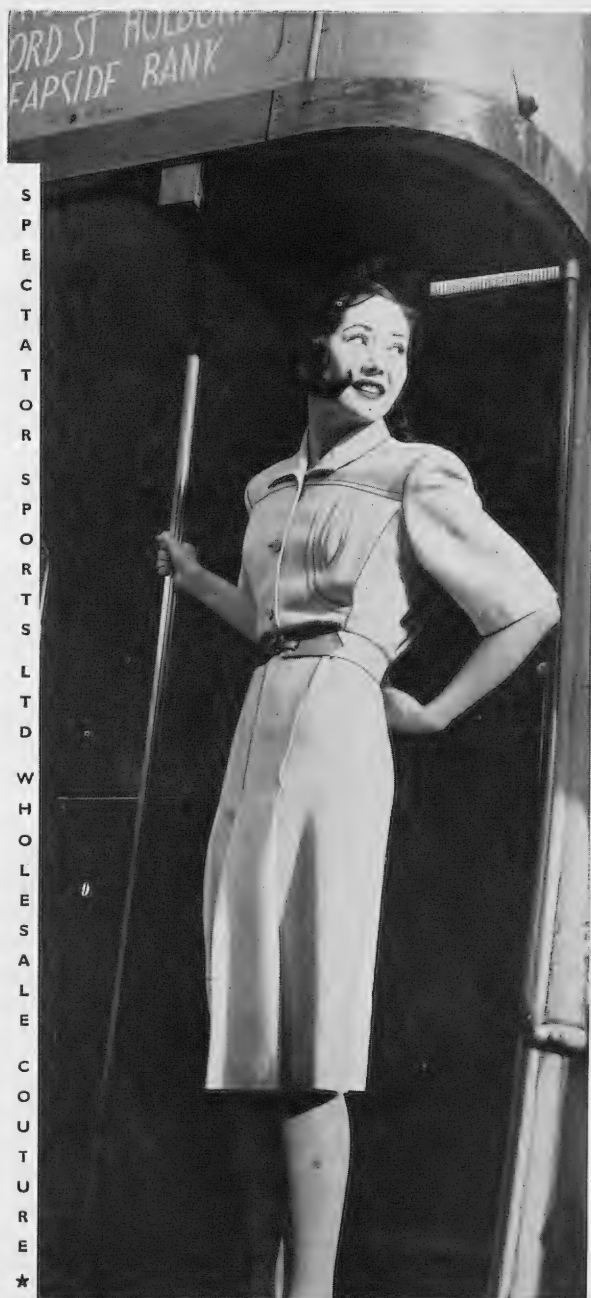
**'Viyella'**  
Reed

Washed and  
washed again  
it still  
looks new!



'Viyella' and 'Clydella' are "absent on Service" at home and overseas, so ask for 'Dayella' the Utility cloth which carries the same 'Day and Night Wear' guarantee of quality. 'Dayella' is absolutely dependable for babies and children's wear, it washes beautifully and does not shrink.

G 3.



**Spectator**  
**Model**



# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Coloured Aircraft

Not long ago the Americans said that they were going to give up painting their military aircraft. The aim is to save weight. Now weight saving is like keeping a diary. Everybody wants to do it and at intervals makes an effort, but they never get very far.

I have a feeling that that will be the course of events in the present instance. For although much of the paint that has been splashed about on our military aeroplanes has been of negligible military value, there is always a good case for some kind of surface finish. As people learn, for example, that camouflage is difficult to achieve with aircraft so they begin to learn at the same time that a glossy surface is an aid to high speed.

With aircraft moving at more than 400 miles an hour the surface finish, though not necessarily the surface colour, becomes of the highest importance and I doubt whether any form of polishing and buffing will give as good a glaze as some kinds of paints, varnishes and dopes. We know that irregularities in some parts of the wing surface near the leading edge of one-thousandth of an inch may produce an appreciable increase in drag.

In order to avoid such roughnesses it seems highly probable that it will be necessary to resort to some kind of paint or varnish skin. And there is another aspect to this matter of aircraft finishes.

When peace comes aircraft, even if they are not sold entirely on the merits of their colour scheme, will enjoy a measure of popularity closely related to that scheme.

A brightly coloured private owner type of aeroplane would be more likely to attract a purchaser than a drab machine. If two air transports are visualized—to go higher up the scale—one looking as if it had been fished out of the dustbin and the other highly polished and brightly coloured, I would say that the passengers, provided they have a free choice, will flock to the brightly coloured machine and leave the other alone.

It seems extraordinary that these things should

need emphasis at a time when factories are colouring their machine tools in order to give a brighter look to their workshops, yet it appears that as the workman is more carefully catered for in these finer points the user of the aircraft he makes is less carefully catered for.

## Jetsam

AMONG the flotsam and jetsam that gets 'em about jets a good deal has recently drifted across the Atlantic. It enables an interesting idea to be secured of some of the flying qualities of the pullthrough plane. (It seems, by the way, that its official name, as agreed by both the British and the United States authorities is the Aerocomet.)

Pilots who have flown the Bell blower, which is driven by two jets, by the way, say that it rides as smoothly as a sleigh.

Frank Kelly has reported that there is almost no difference between a jetster and an ordinary airscrew and engine machine, except that a jetster is somewhat the simpler to control.

Reading between the lines of some of the American comments I feel that there is a little suspicion about the British attitude. It seems that there has been some good-humoured and, we hope, good-natured competition between the two countries as to the priorities of the affair and although the British patents seem to have been the controlling influence in the early stages of development the American companies appear to have done a great deal of the difficult development work.

The appearance of the jetster is said to be almost identical with that of an ordinary aeroplane, and in fact an American report speaks of the machine having been driven through the streets on a lorry with wings dismantled without anybody noticing it.



## At a R.A.F. Group H.Q.

W/Cdr. A. D. "Bats" Page, well known in both theatrical and civil aviation circles before the war, was discussing post-war theatricals with S/O June Clapperton before going on duty. She was one of "Tom Arnold's Young Ladies," and recently produced a pantomime for men and women at her station

## Air Uber Alles

At Anzio at any rate the land forces could not say that they were not furnished with full air support. In fact, the tables might almost have been turned in the bridgehead and the airmen might have complained that they at one time appeared not to be receiving adequate land support.

The Mediterranean Allied Air Force held superiority in the air all the way from January 22. It flew enormously greater numbers of sorties than the enemy and it prevented the enemy except on a few occasions, from delivering any weighty attack upon our troops or supplies. It has never been claimed that the Allied Air Forces had supremacy in this field, for supremacy is an elusive thing, but the claim that they held superiority is amply justified. Now at last the air forces need no longer fear criticism for having in any way failed to give the most massive support to the other arms.

By the time these notes appear the position will no doubt have been cleared up, but as I write it seems to be improving and the hard-pressed land forces appear to be holding the German counter-

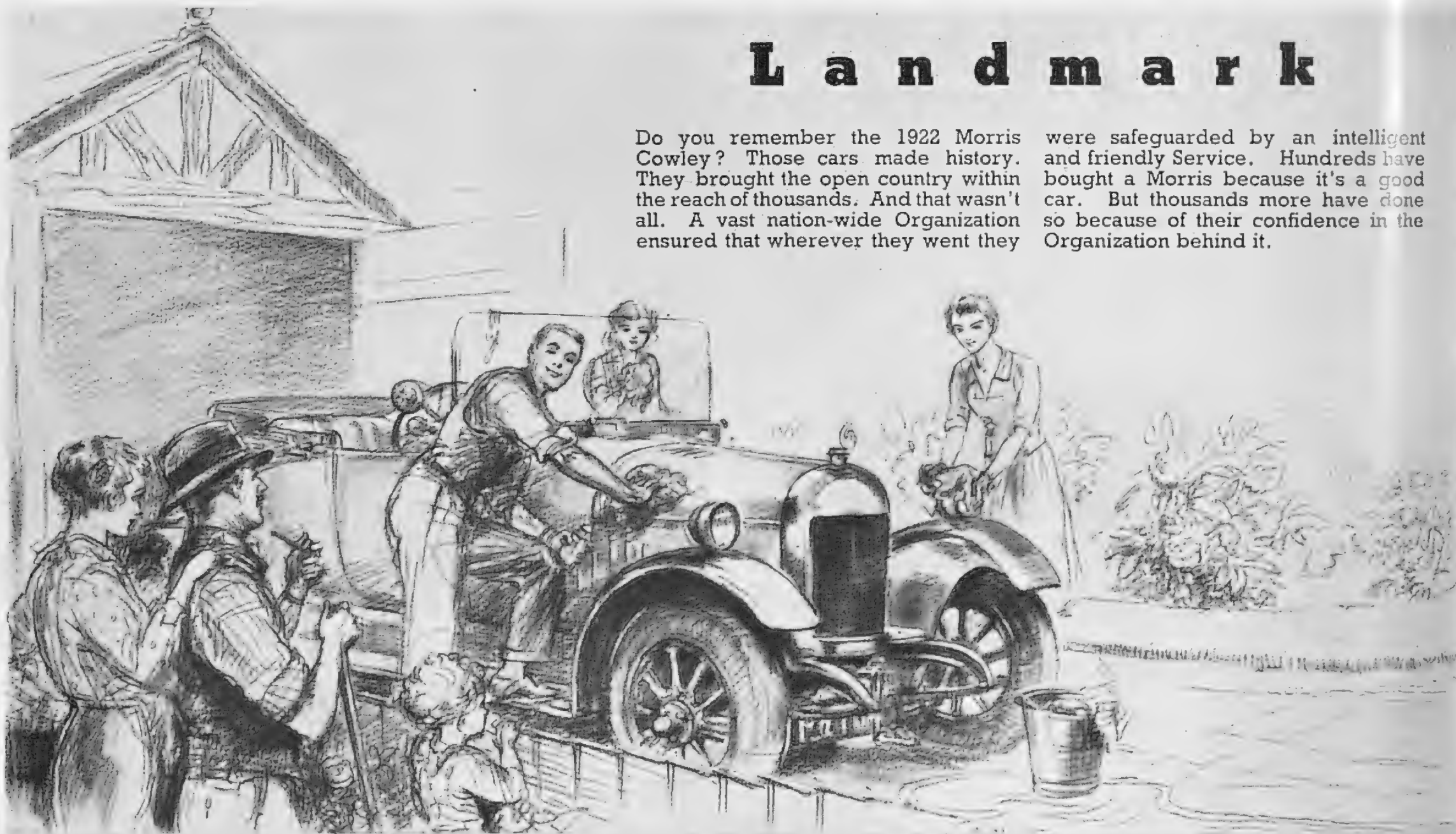
blows and preparing to advance. It must, however, be a little puzzling to know how it came about that after a complete surprise we were unable to move further in and gain a firmer hold.

No doubt when all the facts are given full reason will become plain. It is not within the right of anybody speaking from a distant place to criticize the forces on the spot, whether land or air, but as I in the past have not failed to point to the criticisms that have been made of the air forces by ground forces I feel that I am justified on this the first occasion in pointing to a state of affairs which looks almost the reverse of what has occurred on previous occasions.

# Landmark

Do you remember the 1922 Morris Cowley? Those cars made history. They brought the open country within the reach of thousands. And that wasn't all. A vast nation-wide Organization ensured that wherever they went they


were safeguarded by an intelligent and friendly Service. Hundreds have bought a Morris because it's a good car. But thousands more have done so because of their confidence in the Organization behind it.



MORRIS

— made by THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION





*means*

# RADIO

*and Television too!*

KOLSTER-BRANDES LIMITED · FOOTSCRAY · KENT

**EXPLANATION:** War conditions restrict the sale of Rose's Lime Juice in Britain. But in many parts of the Empire distribution goes on. Here, you see how we spread the news in those great countries that make up the British Empire.  
★ Here is an advertisement published in Calabar.



## APRES LA GUERRE FINI

"Last night, old boy, I had a most remarkable dream. Shall I tell you about it?"

"No."

"Don't be selfish, old boy. I dreamt that the war was over, and that I'd taken the first boat home."

"Yes?"

"And hired the Albert Hall and given the largest party in the history of the human race."

"Anything to drink?"

"Everything. Everything from champagne to palm toddy, not forgetting Kaffir beer. There was dancing and singing, conjuring tricks, brass, string and jazz bands, and a quiet game of strip poker

for the more staid and respectable guests."

"I see. It's your ambition to give London the biggest hangover since Hitler's patience was finally exhausted."

"Not a bit of it. I dreamt that I'd ordered in cases and cases and cases of Rose's Lime Juice. Rose's to mix with gin and Rose's to drink by itself after the celebration. There wasn't a headache in the whole Metropolis."

"So you dreamt that there'll be plenty of Rose's after the war?"

"Oceans of it Just like old times."

"Oh boy, Oh boy, Oh boy. Let's hurry up and win."

**ROSE'S**—There is no substitute

## GREATCOATS FOR OFFICERS

When you slip into one of our greatcoats you know at once that it has been made by somebody who has spent a lifetime in making clothes for men. You feel it as the coat moulds itself to your shoulders, and in the way it fits and gives that grand sense of easy roominess which marks it a friend for many years to come. We like to think that every garment we make for an officer is worthy in itself of the respect his uniform commands.



## AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

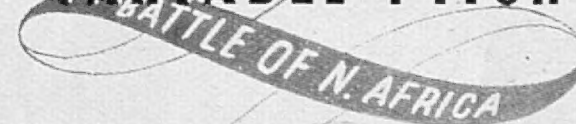
London Telephone: Regent 6789

1939-1944



'CONSTANT SPEED'

VARIABLE PITCH

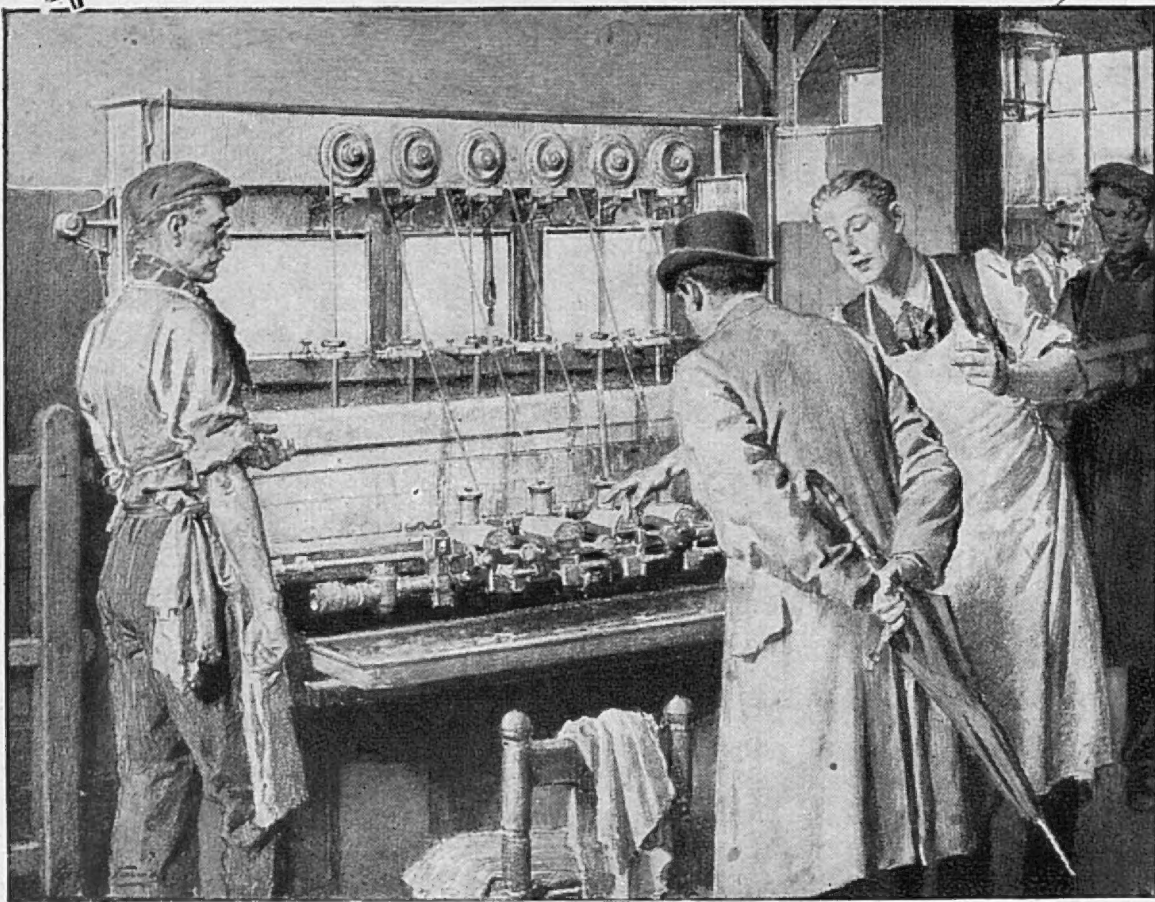


PROPELLERS





*Threads from the loom of time*



### THE DISCOVERY OF RAYON

THE 1900 Paris Exhibition is a date and place to remember; it was here that Courtaulds first interested themselves in the process which gave the world the lovely fabrics known as Courtaulds Rayon. Characteristically, once Courtaulds had decided to "take up" the new process, they threw themselves heart and soul into research and development. Success did not come easily. Disappointments and setbacks beset the path of progress; but perseverance and financial fortitude brought its reward, and in due course Courtaulds

rayon was made available to the public. Viewed from present-day standards, these first rayon materials seem but poor travesties of the lovely supple, shimmering fabrics so popular before the war. It is one of to-day's necessary hardships that Courtaulds rayon is scarce, but with the return of Peace, Courtaulds rayons will again be obtainable in even greater variety than before. In addition, new developments in other spheres are being perfected to add to the amenities of modern living.

**COURTAULDS — the greatest name in RAYON**



## Ladies' Shirts



TAILORED BY

# BONSOIR

USUALLY FROM ALL LEADING STORES



*Lager  
at its best —*

## RED TOWER LAGER

# For "YOUR GOOD HEALTH"

*use*

# SANITAS

The Safe **PERSONAL** Antiseptic

At all Chemists

**1 1/2**

*Famous for Fine  
Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS



# Horrockses

Regd

*the Greatest Name  
in Cotton*

SHEETS • PILLOWCASES  
TOWELS • FLANNELETTES  
WINCETTES • DRESS GOODS  
SHIRTINGS • FURNISHINGS  
UTILITY FABRICS • ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

LET'S HAVE  
A GIN AND  
VOTRIX



VOTRIX VERMOUTH Sweet 7/- or Dry 7/6

Vine Products Ltd. cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier

STOP THAT  
COLD WITH  
**VAPEX**  
INHALANT

For the safe, quick,  
pleasant relief of  
Colds and Catarrh

Breathe the Vapour

Of Chemists only  
when available

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.  
Vale of Bardley, Lancashire

V232

**Jacqmar**

CLOTHS OF  
PURE CASHMERE  
in three weights for  
dresses, Suits or Coats.  
Black, Natural or Brown  
only. Prices from 61/10.  
per yard. (4½ coupons).

Write for patterns to  
**Jacqmar**  
6, GROSVENOR ST., LONDON. W.1.



*For economy*

**EDISWAN**

*will  
open your eyes!*

ROYAL  
**"EDISWAN"**  
L A M P S

(L. 42)

Fit for  
the smartest



**SKIRTS and SLACKS  
at CONTROLLED PRICES**

From good shops and stores everywhere

PHILLIPS & CO., 12 Princes Street  
Hanover Square, LONDON, W.1  
(Wholesale only). Phone: MAYfair 4482/3






### Entrances and Exits . . .

There is never an occasion—special or everyday—when you would not feel the benefits and extra comfort of Vani-tred shoes. Their exclusive, in-built feature gives you *balanced walking* because it distributes your body-weight evenly over the whole area of the foot; it gives your walk—your entrances and your exits—character and a serene assurance.



CARLTON

*Balanced Walking*  *Shoes*

VANI-TRED SHOES (DEPT. T.V.6), 17/18, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. (WHOLESALE ONLY)